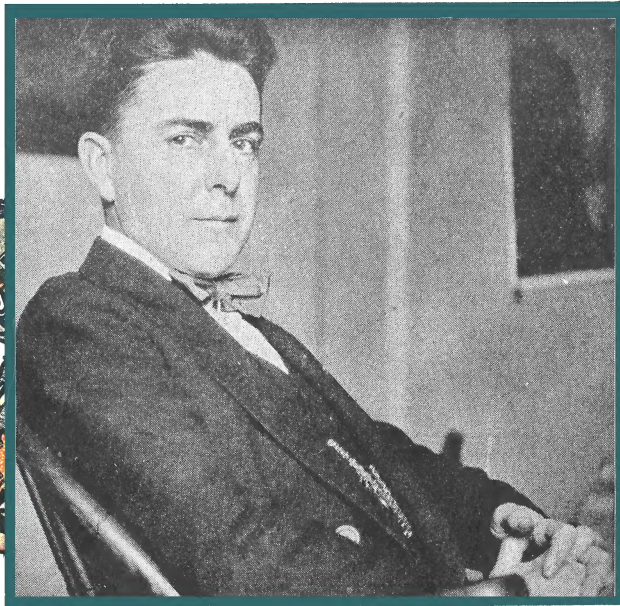


The Cruise of the Rickety-Robin

Thrilling Adventures of Andy and Ann on the Cruise of the Rickety-Robin



TOLD AND ILLUSTRATED BY THE INIMITABLE JOHNNY GRUELLE



Children Love Uncle Johnny Gruelle

With a Pen That Turns with Equal Facility to Imaginative Stories or Whimsical Illustrations, Johnny Gruelle Has Made His Books Known and Loved by Children the World Over. Many of His Finest Tales First Appeared in Woman's World



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the Camel with the
Wrinkled Knees
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Cheery Scare Crow
Marcella Stories
Raggedy Andy
Wooden Willie
Raggedy Ann in the Deep,
Deep Woods

JOHNNY GRUELLE peoples the woods with kindly elves, makes rabbits vocal, endows mice with human characteristics and clothes, sets aside the laws of gravitation and gives to childhood's dreams a reality that endears him to young and old alike.

Coupled with the imaginative splendor of Mr. Gruelle's tales there is a vein of chuckling humor that adds zest and piquancy to everything he writes or draws, while his kindness toward birds and beasts as well as his love of justice and fair play make his stories both stimulating and wholesome food for the growing mind of the child.

The "Cruise of the Rickety-Robin," presented in this book, is but one of many children's stories by Mr. Gruelle which have made their initial appearance in the pages of *Woman's World* and which have caused the monthly issues of the magazine to be eagerly awaited by youngsters all over the United States.

The Rickety-Robin series is probably the richest of all in imaginative qualities and educational possibilities, for it takes Ann and Andy, a typical brother and sister, on a mythical journey to the lands they have been studying about in their geography and it impresses upon them, and, incidentally, upon all the children who read about them, the physical and so-

cial characteristics of the countries and people visited.

But more interesting even than the countries they visit are the Rickety-Robin itself, the jolly little Pirate who directs it, and Hannah, the parrot, who is at once cook, philosopher and butt of all the jokes. The Rickety-Robin has many peculiar qualities: it becomes invisible when desired, it flies through the air, is propelled by wishing, and it can travel through time as well as space.

All in all, the Rickety-Robin is an ideal craft for an imaginary journey, its skipper is an admirable host and its passengers are as eager and keen as any youngsters could possibly be. So complete is the illusion of the tale and so vividly are the characters portrayed that when at length the story is finished, it is with a feeling of regret that such good friends and pals live only in the realm of make-believe and not in our own drab, work-a-day world.

And now, you will be pleased to know, Johnny Gruelle is writing and illustrating a brand-new series of stories which will appear in early issues of *Woman's World* and which will take their places along with those other children's classics—"The Left-handed Safety Pin," "Jan and Janette," "Johnny Mouse" and "The Cruise of the Rickety-Robin," all of beloved memory—with which Mr. Gruelle has delighted *Woman's World* young folk in the past.

Relating the Many Adventures of Andy and Ann on

The Cruise of the Rickety-Robin

IMAGINARY JOURNEYS TO REAL LANDS WITH A PIRATE AT THE HELM

Told and Illustrated by UNCLE JOHNNY GRUELLE for Good Little Boys and Girls

WOMEN and children first!" said the queer little man as he deftly brought the little boat in a graceful curve up to where the children sat upon a number of boards nailed to the fork of the apple tree. Andy and Ann looked up from their geography book in surprise, thinking at first it must be the hired man, changing his voice to fool them. Instead they saw a tiny man only three feet high standing in the stern of a little boat with the tiller in his hand. He was a cunning little creature dressed in a great coat and tights with gaiters reaching almost to his knees. Upon his head he wore a hat similar to the one seen so often in pictures of Napoleon and the hat was graced with a rosette and cockade at the side.

As the little man spoke to the children, he took the hat from his head and made a sweeping bow, so low that he lost his balance and tipped head first into the bottom of the boat where he stayed with his feet upon the seat until Andy reached from the "perch" in the apple tree and pulled him back to his feet. "I do that so often!" the little man explained to the children, "and I cannot account for its happening!"

"Perhaps you lose your balance," suggested Ann, very politely.

"No, I do not believe that can be," replied the little man, "for I have the balance in the bottom of the 'Rickety-Robin.' That's the name of my boat, as you may see if you look at the bow."

"Indeed it is," said Andy as he pointed to the neat lettering on the front of the little boat.

"It has a rollicking sound, don't you think?" asked the little man.

"It's a lovely name and I adore it," said Ann. She had heard one of her mother's friends say the same thing in the house that afternoon and Ann thought it sounded very pleasant.

"I am so glad to have you say that, my dear." The little man laughed and the children could see that he was quite pleased.

"What a pretty little boat it is," Andy said, when things seemed to drag. "Is the little cabin large enough for anyone to get inside?"

"**D**EAR me, yes," the queer little person laughed. "Indeed, I should say so. Just come aboard and I'll show you about. That's it. Step into the center of the boat instead of the side so it won't roll too much and throw you out."

"Why, it floats in the air!" Andy cried in surprise, noticing for the first time that the boat was not in water.

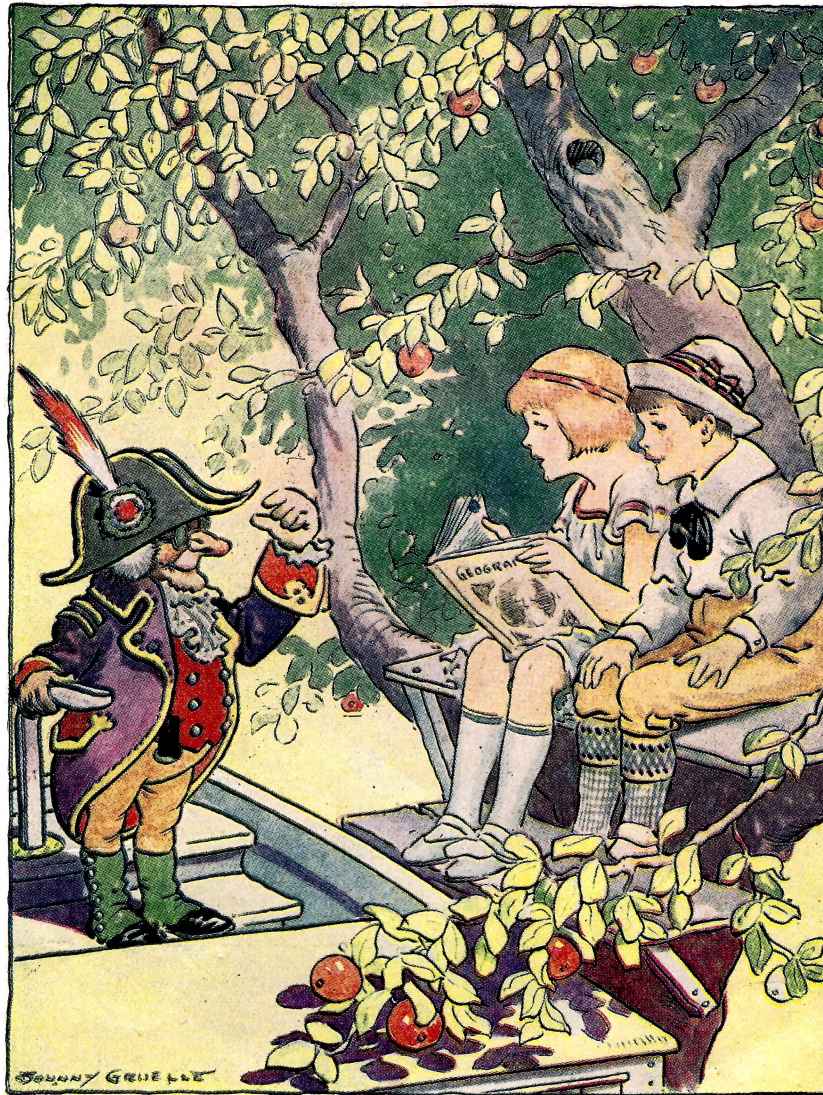
"Why, of course," Ann laughed. "How do you expect a boat to be way up here in the air unless it does float in the air?"

"Please don't quarrel," came a squawky voice from the tiny cabin. Ann, who was nearest to the little doorway, stepped back in surprise, but the little man hastened to explain. "It's Hannah," he said; then as that did not seem to mean anything to the children, he went on, "Hannah is my parrot. All Pirates have parrots, you know."

"Pirate!" Ann cried as she drew back.

"Oh, please do not be alarmed," the little man smiled, "I am only a make-believe Pirate. It's much more fun than being an Admiral."

"I have always wanted to be a Pirate, too," said Andy, "but we have always lived so far from the ocean, I never thought I would have the chance."



"WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST," SAID THE QUEER LITTLE MAN AS HE DEFTLY BROUGHT THE BOAT TO WHERE THE CHILDREN SAT

"Then I'll tell you what let's do," said the little man in a confidential tone, "let's all be Pirates. What say?"

"Don't quarrel, I beg of you," said Hannah from the cabin.

The little man poked his head inside the cabin door and spoke in a quiet, gentle voice, "Hannah, will you please be quiet?"

"Yes, sir," Hannah replied.

"Then please do not say another word until we say something to you."

"Yes, sir," said Hannah.

"Yes, but you are saying *two* words."

"Yes, sir," Hannah again answered.

THE little man pulled his head out of the cabin way and shook it sadly. "Yes, sir. I tell you we can have barrels of fun being Pirates, and the little girl can be a Piress, or a Piratess!"

Ann clapped her hands gleefully.

At this, Hannah came walking from the little cabin and tilted her head from side to side as she peered at the children. "Dinner is ready," she announced. "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle." And she made a noise like a bell ringing. Then Hannah turned slowly about and marched back into the cabin, and the sound of dishes rattling soon made the little man jump through the doorway.

The children were surprised to find so much room

inside the cabin, for in some strange manner it had grown until it was at least nine feet long. At the far end they saw another door which they knew led to the kitchen, for Hannah soon came marching in with a platter so large it seemed remarkable that she was able to lift it and carry it as she did with her wings. The little Pirate drew three folding chairs from under a bunk and motioned for the children to sit down. Then tucking a napkin under his chin, he served the plates to Ann and Andy. The children took their plates and placed them upon the table, then waited for the food to appear, for all the dishes were empty.

The Pirate, as soon as he had passed the children their plates, picked up his knife and fork and began going through the motions of cutting food and putting it in his mouth. The children's eyes opened and shut in astonishment, and they exchanged wondering glances. Finally the Pirate noticed they were not eating and he looked up in surprise. "Don't you care for anything to eat?" he asked very kindly.

"Hem! Huh! That is—well, you see—I don't—that is, hem—" Andy tried to explain.

"There isn't anything to eat," Ann blurted out quite frankly.

AT THIS the little Pirate burst out laughing. "Oh, dear me! How funny of me not to think of that," he laughed. "There is plenty, as you will soon see if you just start eating. I carry invisible food, because it is so much lighter," he said.

Ann looked as if she didn't quite believe, but they soon found that the plates were filled with tender porterhouse steaks and French fried potatoes. The little Pirate passed them invisible bread and butter and when Hannah brought in the invisible pie, the children said that it was one of the nicest dinners they had ever had.

Now, when Ann and Andy had walked into the little cabin, the Rickety-Robin was still floating among the branches of the apple tree, but when they came out

after their dinner, they were surprised to feel a gentle sway to the little boat and to see way below them a great flat expanse of blue.

"It looks as if we were over the ocean," said the little Pirate as he rubbed his palms together in a pleased brisk manner. "Anyway, we are on our way."

"Yes, but where are we? That's what I want to know," said Andy. "Here we were, not twenty minutes ago, in the branches of the apple tree on my father's farm and hundreds of miles from any ocean, and now we are sailing over an ocean!"

"It is rather hard to believe, isn't it?" chuckled the Pirate, "but it is true nevertheless."

The children were silent in the wonder of it all and were surprised when Hannah came from the cabin and said, "We are over the Pacific Ocean and in a few minutes we will pass over Japan."

"Japan!" both children cried in amazement. "Won't that be fine! Can we stop there?"

"Indeed we can," the little Pirate laughed. "We can stop any time you wish, or go anywhere you wish, for it is by wishing that we get the power which runs my Rickety-Robin."

After this the children said nothing, but looked over the side of the Rickety-Robin, their hearts beating high with excitement, for far in the distance, away and below them, they saw a speck.

"That must be Japan," Ann cried in her excitement.

In the Toy Shops of Japan

Trained Birds That Catch Fish, People Dressed in Silk, Tiny Trees Four Hundred Years Old, and Toys on Every Hand—
That's What Ann and Andy Saw When the Rickety-Robin Stopped in Japan



AS HANNAH — the parrot — fussed with a queer instrument at the back of the cabin, the children and the Pirate looked over the side of the boat. "We do not seem to be getting any closer to Japan," Andy said as he put his arm around his sister's shoulder.

At this, Hannah quit the instrument and hopped upon the side of the boat beside the others. "I can't regulate the 'Whirligig-boom'," she said.

"Did you wish hard enough, Hannah?" the Pirate asked in a kindly tone.

"Dear me, yes," Hannah replied, "but we seem to be standing still right above Japan."

The Pirate walked back to the queer instrument and sat down in front of it, holding his head between his hands and closing his eyes. Presently the little boat began moving and the Pirate returned to the children and watched as they drifted toward the island.

As they came closer, the mountains and hills and patches of fields could be distinguished and it was but a moment before the little boat floated lazily over a great field where many persons were working in water up to their knees. The Pirate's little boat did not settle in the water, as might have been expected, but sailed slowly along, two or three feet above the water. Then as it came up to the people working, the Pirate brought it around with a gentle twist of the rudder and they sat facing the workers.

At first the workers did not seem to know the little boat had approached, for it drifted without a sound, but Andy spoke to one of the men and the others turned quickly and scowled.

"What are you planting?" Andy asked.

"Skizziliqueewixxkysquaw," the little brown man replied.

"Dear me! They must be foreigners," said the Pirate. "Hannah, you speak to them."

The parrot squinted both eyes at the little brown Japanese man and made a noise like she was sneezing. When the men heard her they began smiling and answered Hannah in about the same manner.

"**T**HEY say that they are planting rice," Hannah turned to the children.

"Hannah used to live on a real pirate ship," the Pirate explained to the children, "and I guess that she can speak every language there is."

"The food I eat has a lot to do with it," replied Hannah. "If you will eat one of my Parrot seeds, you will be able to talk and understand these men as I do."

Hannah handed the Pirate and each of the children one of her Parrot seeds and, after eating it, they found that they could understand the Japanese perfectly.

After watching the men plant the rice stalks, the children suggested that they go along, so the Pirate spoke to Hannah and the little boat raised in the air and floated over a hill toward the sea.

Here the children and the Pirate looked down upon a strange sight. There were a number of strange-looking boats scattered over what proved to be the fishing grounds and little brown Japanese men and boys stood in the bows of the boats and held many lines in their hands. At the end of each line was a bird and frequently the man, or boy, would pull one of the birds into the boat and then toss it out again.

The Pirate's little boat was so high above the fishing grounds neither he nor the children could tell what the fishermen were doing, so Andy suggested that they sail down closer so that they might see better.

"It looks as though they were fishing for the birds," said Ann, as she watched them closely.



"HERE IS A TREE," SAID TANK-U'S MOTHER, "WHICH WAS PLANTED
FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO"

But when the Pirate set his little boat down beside the boats of the fishermen, and they could talk with them, the children found that the birds were all trained to catch fish. They were curious birds with long necks and seemed to enjoy catching for their masters.

"When we are training them," said one of the Japanese boys, "we fasten rings around their necks so that they cannot eat the fish until they catch as many fish as we want; then, when we have finished fishing, we give them a good feed of fish."

Hannah, the parrot, came out of the kitchen and watched the birds curiously, then she said, "I know now what they are, they are Cormorants! My grandfather used to tell about them."

As the Pirate's little boat sailed along, the children, looking down over the sides, saw many large statues sitting about. So they asked the Pirate to go lower so that they might see better.

"I tell you what let's do," said the little Pirate. "Let's go down and leave the boat and buy Japanese clothing and walk into that town down there."

"**N**OW, let's start!" The Pirate brought the little boat to a stop in a large patch of bushes and with Hannah upon his shoulder he jumped from the little boat and assisted Ann and Andy.

As they walked along, a bright little Japanese boy, dressed in lovely colored costume, came up and spoke to them. He was very polite and said that he would be glad to show them about.

"That is very kind of you," the Pirate told him, "and I will buy you something nice for your services."

Numbers of children gathered about them and looked at their western clothes curiously, so the Pirate told

Tank-u (that was the little boy's name) that they wished to buy Japanese clothes. So Tank-u spoke to the children, who did not follow our friends any farther, and then led the way into a store where Japanese clothing could be purchased.

After selecting what they wished, the Pirate paid the shopkeeper the money. The shopkeeper looked at his hand in which the Pirate had placed the invisible coins and then took each piece and bit it. "What kind of money is this?" he asked. "I can feel it, but I can't see it!"

"It's invisible money," Ann laughingly told him.

"You will find, when you put it in your pocket and take it out again, that it will become visible," said the Pirate.

So the shopkeeper tried the experiment and found the coins really did become visible.

Even Hannah, the parrot, had a new Japanese costume now and looked as brilliant in it as the others of the party did.

NEXT door to the costume shop the children found a toy shop and went in. Here they found curiously carved toys made by skilful workmen with knives. Tank-u told them that many days were spent upon one toy sometimes, "for the workmen took great care and pride in doing everything neatly."

Ann bought two Japanese dolls and some other curiously carved toys. Andy bought a Japanese kite and a queer little box with a secret spring (which he could not discover) to open it.

The Pirate and Hannah each bought a number of things which pleased their fancies and with their arms full they left the toy shop and wandered about.

"Hadh't we better return to the boat and get something to eat?" Hannah questioned.

"Oh, if you are hungry, you must come to my home," Tank-u said. "I live only a short distance from here and my mother will be pleased to have you visit us."

This appealed to the Pirate and the children, so Tank-u led the way to his home. Tank-u's mother was a pleasant-faced little lady and met them with a low bow and a cheery smile.

Tank-u told them that they must take off their shoes at the entrance of his house, and when they had done this, he led them into a cool room which overlooked a beautiful little garden filled with flowers of gorgeous coloring. Tank-u sat upon a mat and motioned the others to do the same and soon his mother brought in food and tea.

Ann and Andy laughed and laughed at their attempts at eating the food with two little thin sticks given to them. These sticks are called "chopsticks" and are difficult to eat with until you become accustomed to them.

After eating, Tank-u's mother showed them about the garden. "Here is one tree," she said as she stopped at a tiny tree which was not much taller than Hannah, "which was planted four hundred years ago."

"Dear me," the Pirate could not help saying, "it takes a long time to get any size, doesn't it?"

"Yes, that is just what makes it so wonderful," said Tank-u's mother. "It is quite easy to plant a seed which will grow into a large tree, but that would be quite ordinary; while this tiny tree has been growing in every way to resemble a great forest tree except in size."

When they had bidden Tank-u's mother goodbye, the Pirate looked at a large watch he carried and said, "I believe we had better get back to the boat."

So, after buying some presents for Tank-u and thanking him for the nice time he had shown them, they all walked back to the flying boat.

An Adventure with Arabs

The Little Pirate Dishes Out Invisible Ice Cream and Imperceptible Ice Cream Sodas to Cool the Arabs' Temper When the Rickety-Robin in Flying Too Low Gets Caught in Their Camel's Harness



ANDY sat up and rubbed his eyes. At first he could not remember where he was, then as he became more awake, and looked around, he remembered that he and

Ann were on board the Pirate's little Rickety-Robin boat and after leaving Japan and having their supper, they had gone to sleep in the little cabin. At his side Ann lay fast asleep and across the little room the Pirate was snoring soundly. Hannah, the parrot, was sitting upon the clock above the cabin door, sound asleep.

Andy could feel a gentle swaying motion to the Rickety-Robin, so he started to tiptoe to the deck to peep over the side and see where they might be; but, as he passed the Pirate, Hannah cried, "Halt! Who goes there?"

Andy was so surprised he answered before he thought and this awakened Ann and the Pirate, who sat up and rubbed their eyes.

"What's the matter?" the Pirate asked in a sleepy tone.

"I was just going out to look over the side of the boat when Hannah cried, 'Halt!'" Andy replied.

"The three little kittens lost their mittens!" Hannah sang in a drawing, muffled voice, for she had her head beneath her wing.

The Pirate winked at the children and with a laugh said, "Hannah is talking in her sleep."

"I feel very hungry," Andy said. "So do I," the little Pirate replied as he clapped his hands sharply together. Hannah popped her head out from beneath her wing and tipped her head from side to side as she looked out of one eye and then out of the other at the children.

"Breakfast ready?" she asked.

"Of course not!" the Pirate answered. "How can breakfast be ready when you have been sound asleep?"

"That's so," Hannah laughed as she jumped from the clock and went clipping out into the kitchen, her little shoes striking the floor in a funny-sounding way as she hurried about her work.

Hannah fried invisible pancakes and ham and eggs and soon the children were enjoying a hearty breakfast.

"WELL, I wonder where we are this morning," the Pirate said as he helped Ann to more invisible pancakes.

"Maybe we are over China," Ann suggested.

"There's no telling," the Pirate replied. "Now, what in the world could that be?" The little boat had come to such a sudden stop the dishes slid from the table and the Pirate's chair tipped over backward and left him with his heels up in the air and his back upon the floor. As he scrambled to his feet a number of excited voices could be heard outside, so the Pirate, followed by Ann and Andy and Hannah, ran out upon the deck of the Rickety-Robin.

Ten or twelve strange, dark-looking men stood about the little boat gesticulating wildly and talking in excited voices. "What's the trouble?" the Pirate asked of a tall man who appeared to be the leader.

"Your boat is lying right on top of my camel!"

"That's the last straw which broke the camel's back," Hannah cried as she came from the cabin with a saucepan over her head and the invisible pancake batter streaming over her clothes.

"Please be quiet, Hannah," the Pirate cried. "You forgot to wind up the Doodginipper and the Rickety-Robin has been sailing lopsided all night." And, with this, the little Pirate jumped over the side of the boat



THE LITTLE BOAT HAD CARRIED THE CAMEL IN THE AIR WITH IT AND THE POOR THING DANGLED DIZZILY BELOW

and looked at the camel lying upon the ground. "I do not believe he's even scratched," the Pirate said. "The rudder is caught in his overcoat. All we have to do is send the boat up in the air and it will not rest upon his back."

"It's funny you didn't think of that before," Hannah laughed as she took the saucepan from her head and wiped her face with her apron.

The little Pirate hopped on board the Rickety-Robin and sat down beside the queer instrument which he called the "Whirligig-boom," and the children felt the little boat rise into the air.

But, as this happened, the strange men below set up a great shouting and howling and looking over the side of the craft, the children saw that the little boat had carried the camel in the air with it and there, dangling dizzily below them, the camel was hanging fastened to the rudder by the harness.

"Wait a minute!" Andy cried. "You're taking the camel up in the air with us and if his straps break, he'll drop to the ground and be smashed to smithereens!"

THE little Pirate ran to the side of the boat and looked over and, as he looked, the camel's harness slipped and almost let him fall to the ground far below. Andy could see the men waving their arms frantically and running around like excited ants. Then the little boat began jerking up and down in an alarming manner. Hannah was shaken from her perch on the side of the little boat and went tumbling head over heels down toward the ground. However, just when ten or twelve feet from the ground, she turned right side up

and began flopping her wings and in a minute she flew upon the deck beside the Pirate. "I forgot to fly until I almost hit the ground!" she said as she wiped her bill with her apron.

"I can't imagine what makes the boat jerk this way," the Pirate said. "I've monkeyed with the Whirligig-boom but it doesn't seem to quiet the boat a bit."

"Oh! I forgot to tell you," Hannah replied, "the harness has almost slipped from the camel, or the camel from the harness, and he's kicking to beat the band in order to get untangled."

"Then, I guess, the best thing to do is to sail the boat down to the earth again," said the Pirate.

This had occurred to Ann and Andy, too, but they had been too excited to mention it to the Pirate. So with gentle sweeping curves, the little Rickety-Robin finally came to rest about eight feet from the ground and as the strange men gathered about the boat, the camel, with a number of mighty kicks, finally wrenched itself from the harness and tumbled to the ground.

The men ran to it and helped it to its feet and brushed the sand from its knees. The Pirate then lowered the Rickety-Robin to the ground and walked over to where the men were looking over the camel. "I hope his sail in the air did not hurt him," the little Pirate said as he smoothed the camel's nose.

"It just scratched his knees up a little bit," the tallest man, who seemed to be the leader, replied.

THE children and Hannah, the parrot, had walked up to the Pirate and the strange men and after tipping her head from side to side and eying the men from head to foot, Hannah finally said in a satisfied tone, "Yep! They are Arabs."

"Indeed we are," the leader replied, "but we have lost our way on the desert and the sand storm destroyed all our water."

"Well, we have plenty of water on board the Rickety-Robin," the little Pirate said, "so there is no need of anyone going thirsty very long." And with this he hopped over the side of the little craft and presently returned with a large pitcher and a number of glasses. He tipped the pitcher up and poured part of the contents in each glass. The first Arab took a sip and immediately dropped the glass and hopped up and down, holding his hands over his mouth. "Wowie!" he howled, "it burnt my mouth!"

"I filled the pitcher with ice cream soda," the little Pirate said, "and I guess they are not used to drinking anything cold. You must drink it very slowly," he added to the leader. When they had grown accustomed to the cold in their mouths, they liked the soda.

"I'm glad you like it," the Pirate said as he refilled their glasses. "Now I will get water for the camels."

When the camels had all had water to drink, the Pirate said, "If the camels will follow, why not all of you come aboard our little boat and we can all try to locate your camp."

The Arabs thought that would be fine. "I will shout orders to the camels from the boat and the camels will mind the sound of my voice," said the Arab leader.

It didn't take them long to sight the camp after they had gotten into the Rickety-Robin and soon they were skimming along toward the cluster of tents which gleamed white in the dazzling desert sunshine. All were in high spirits as they sat upon the deck drinking ice cream sodas and exchanging tales of adventure, and it was with sincere regret that they parted when the Arab camp was reached.

"WHAT TIME
OF YEAR IS
THIS?" THE
PIRATE ASKED
A FAT MAN



"THE TWENTY-
FOURTH OF
DECEMBER,"
HE REPLIED

Christmas in Holland

*The Voyagers Found Themselves in Holland, But Nobody
Knew Whether It Was Last Christmas or Next Christmas*

"**H**MPH! Now you've gone and done it!" the little Pirate cried as he left Andy sitting at the cabin table and ran out upon deck. Andy felt the little Rickety-Robin lurch dizzily from side to side and heard Ann scream as he tried to follow the Pirate captain. When he looked from the little cabin, Andy saw Ann sitting upon the floor of the deck holding on to the rudder handle as tightly as she could, while the Pirate captain fumbled with an instrument case near the back of the boat.

Hannah, the parrot, slid across the deck, her slippers scraping and scuffling as she tried to stand upon her feet.

Andy held on to the cabin door sill and the little door bumped and banged him upon the back as the Rickety-Robin swung suddenly around.

"There, now! I guess she's fixed now!" the Pirate said as he wiped his forehead and looked about him. "What did you monkey with it for, Hannah?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" Hannah replied.

"All hands to the cabin!" the Pirate said. "We've got to have a court-martial!"

When all except Hannah had taken seats, the Pirate went to the invisible soda fountain and filled glasses with invisible ice cream sodas, then he put on a large pair of spectacles. After testing his glass of soda water, the Pirate cleared his throat, "Ahem!" in a very dignified way and asked, "Where's Hannah?"

"I believe she's out in the kitchen," Andy replied.

The Pirate captain thumped upon the table with his glass of ice cream soda and called, "Hannah, are you coming to this court-martial or are you not?"

"I'm not!" the parrot's shrill voice replied from the kitchen.

"Why not?" asked the Pirate.

"Cause why!" Hannah replied rather sharply.

This did not seem a very good reason to Ann and Andy, but it did to the Pirate captain, for he said, "Then we can't have any court-martial, that's settled!"

"It's snowing!" Ann cried as she looked past the Pirate and out the cabin window. "We must be very high in the air to run into snow this time of year."

The Pirate captain chuckled softly to himself and drank his soda before he replied, "That's just the trouble, you see! It isn't 'this' time of year!" The children looked at him in amazement, for they could not understand what he meant. Again the Pirate captain thumped upon the table with his glass and called, "Hannah, where are you?"

HANNAH, the parrot, came walking into the cabin sideways, as a parrot often walks.

"What time of year is it, Hannah?" the Pirate asked as he filled his pipe and prepared to smoke.

"I can't exactly tell!" Hannah replied, "but it must be around December sometime."

"Impossible!" Ann cried. "You must be joking."

"Indeed I'm not!" Hannah laughed. "Didn't you notice the snow awhile ago?"

"Yes!" Ann answered. "We saw that it was snowing, but why should it snow this time of year?"

"There you go again, my dear," laughed the Pirate. "I told you awhile ago that it isn't this time of year."

"It's still summer time, anyway," Andy said, "for we left home three days ago and all the apple trees were in blossom and it was summer time."

"Yes, that is true," the Pirate said. "But that was before Hannah monkeyed with the 'Dingbat' and got us all helter-skelter! Now we cannot tell whether we are in next November, or last December. You see, the 'Dingbat' is an instrument which can either send us ahead of time or it can send us away back of time, so

until we find someone to ask, we can't tell what time we are in. That's why Hannah should not have monkeyed with the 'Dingbat'."

"What shall we have for supper?" Hannah asked.

"Let's look about first and see where we are. If we are close to some place, we can get a bite to eat at some town. That would be more interesting."

And, with this, the Pirate captain pulled a great coat from a chest and put it on. "I'll take a look over the side of the boat and see where we are," he said.

"Come on out!" the Pirate called through the window.

"You'll have to put on warm wraps first," said Hannah as she hopped upon a chest in the corner. "One of you open this and you'll find warm coats inside."

Andy opened the chest and took out a fur coat for himself and one for Ann and, after scraping around in a few things at the bottom, he found a little fur coat for Hannah. With these on, the three went out to where the Pirate was leaning over the rail. "I believe we are on Mars!" he said. "See the canals!"

The parrot laughed shrilly at this and between chuckles said, "Mars, your grandmother! That's Holland as sure as you're a foot high!"

"So it is," the Pirate replied. "I missed it a thousand miles, or more! Well, anyway," he continued, "let's go down and see what we can see. Give the 'Boliver' a twist, Hannah, so that we can go down."

"Aye, aye, sir!" Hannah answered, as she shuffled across the deck.

SOON the Rickety-Robin began sailing down toward the earth and finally came to rest upon a frozen canal. People, bundled in furs and well muffled about the neck, came whizzing by upon skates and little children, with large market baskets upon their arms, skated with as much ease as the older folks. Soon a crowd had collected about the Rickety-Robin and all were talking excitedly about the strange object.

"What time of year is this?" the Pirate asked of a fat man with a long beard and a three-foot pipe.

"It's the twenty-fourth of December," he said.

"Yes, but is it last December, or next December?" the Pirate wanted to know.

All the other men crowding about laughed heartily at this, for they seemed to think the Pirate was joking with the fat man. The fat man appeared to be angry at them for a moment, but then his face broke into smiles and he said, "You must be strangers, so if you will come to my house, I'll show you a calendar and then we can tell which December it is."

"Thank you very much," the Pirate replied. "We will be glad to come with you. Just point out your house and I'll sail the Rickety-Robin up to your door."

The house was lit up with candles when the fat man knocked upon the door. A pleasant-faced woman, followed by three children, came hurrying from the back of the house. "I've brought friends home for supper, Gretchen," the fat man laughed.

"Come right in!" the pleasant-faced lady said as she held the door open for them to pass. The three children took the great coat of the Pirate and the coats from Andy and Ann, but Hannah flew with her coat and hung it upon a nail in the wall.

"Kriss Kringle is coming tonight!" they shouted when the fat man led the way to the great kitchen. "See, we have our shoes all ready for him!" And they pointed to where their clean wooden shoes were placed in a row at the side of the fireplace.

After they had all had supper, Ann said softly to the Pirate, "I'm sorry we have nothing to give the children for Christmas."

"If that is all that worries you," the Pirate said, "we can soon make you happy." And motioning to Ann and Andy, he went to the Rickety-Robin. "I have never shown you my magic box, have I? Well, this is it. And all you do is put your hand inside, close your eyes and wish. Then whatever you wish will come true."

"You are first, Ann," Andy said. So Ann put her hand in the magic box and wished for three pairs of silver skates. And she had hardly made the wish before the silver skates were in her hand.

Then Andy wished for picture books and trains of cars and candy.

"Guess I might as well make a wish, too!" laughed the Pirate. So he wished for a pipe twice as long as the fat man had been smoking and a new dress for his wife. Just then Hannah pecked at the cabin door and said she felt sleepy. "I guess it is time we were going anyway!" said the Pirate.

So, while the Pirate carried the presents to the fat man's door, Hannah, the parrot, got the Rickety-Robin all ready to sail, so that as soon as the Pirate jumped back on deck, the little boat left the ice and sailed swiftly up. Far below the friends could see the lights from the houses twinkling out upon the frozen waters.

DEARIE me, there's one thing sure," said the Pirate as he passed out a glass of ice cream soda to each of the children and settled back comfortably in his chair to enjoy the soda he kept for himself, "and that is—we must find out just where we are and what country that is down there."

The Rickety-Robin sailed above the heads of the people and swooping up over an inclosure finally came to rest upon the ground.

All around the Rickety-Robin were grand stands, similar to those we see at baseball parks, and from posts hung flags and pennants.

"We're in Spain!" Andy exclaimed. "See the Spanish flags!"

This was, indeed, true as our little party soon found out when the people who had followed the flying boat began swarming into the grand stand seats and out into the arena.

"You can't stay here!" one man said to the Pirate. "We are going to have a Bull Fight!"

"But we have never seen a Bull Fight!" the little Pirate replied. "We would like to stay and watch it!"

"Then you will have to get up into the grand stand!" the man reasoned. "If you stay here, the bull may crash into your little boat and break it all to pieces! You'd better hurry. See, the bull is coming out now!"

He pointed over toward a gate and our friends saw a little bull being driven out into the arena. As the men behind it poked it with long sticks, the bull shook his head and bellowed at them.

"He seems quite angry!" Hannah, the parrot, said.

"Well, who wouldn't be?" the little Pirate answered. "You would not like to be poked with sticks, either!"

When the bull reached a certain point, five or six men dressed in gay clothing ran toward it and hit it with little darts covered with long ribbons. The little darts remained sticking in the little bull's shoulders and bobbed this way and that as he charged at the men.

The men kept teasing the little bull until he chased them all about the arena while the people in the grand stands yelled at the top of their voices.

"I do not think it is right to make him so angry!" Ann said.

"Neither do I!" the kind-hearted little Pirate agreed. "I wish the bull would come over near the Rickety-Robin."

THE little Pirate had hardly said this when the little bull, catching one of the men unaware, sent him sailing through the air, then with a loud bellow he came charging right at the little flying boat. The little Pirate stood watching the angry bull come toward his little boat quite undisturbed, but the children drew back. The Rickety-Robin seemed so small, they thought the angry bull might easily jump over the rail onto the deck; but when the bull got near the side of the Rickety-Robin, the little Pirate held up his hand like a Traffic Policeman and the bull braced his front feet and in a cloud of dust slid to the side of the boat.

"Come up close and I'll pick those things off your shoulders!" said the little Pirate. The bull came right up to the side of the Rickety-Robin and the little Pirate picked the darts from the bull and threw them upon the ground.

"Thanks!" the little bull said. "They didn't hurt much, but they make me very nervous and angry, then when I get so angry I can scarcely see, other men come in on horses and tease me more and make me still angrier, and finally one man will stick me with a sword! It isn't a bit of fun!"

"I should say not!" the little Pirate agreed. "What are they all yelling about now?"

"It's because you picked the darts out of my shoulders!" the little bull replied. "Here come some policemen to arrest you!"

Three Spanish policemen came up to the side of the Rickety-Robin and one, catching the little Pirate's arm, pulled him right over the rail, so that he fell upon the ground.

"Here! You stop that!" Ann cried. "We are Americans and you can't do that to Americans!"

At this one of the policemen caught Ann by the arm intending to pull her over the rail, but Hannah, the parrot, with a shrill screech, flew at his face and gave his nose a bite. The little bull, who had stood as if bewildered, now lowered his head and charged at the nearest policeman. At this the crowd scattered in all directions, while the angry little bull ran this way and that, butting those he caught before they had had a chance to scramble over the fence.

The policeman who had held the little Pirate had long ago scaled the fence and from this safe retreat blew upon a whistle to call other policemen.

A great cry went up from the grand stand near the

THE BULL
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AND HE
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Adventuring in Spain

The Rickety-Robin Interrupts a Bull Fight in Spain and, to the Surprise of All, Sails Away with the Little Bull

gate and Hannah, flying there and back, said, "It looks like a small army of soldiers coming to get us!"

Sure enough, the gates flew open and marching toward them came fifty or sixty soldiers.

"Oh, dear! What shall we do?" Ann wondered.

"Can you jump over the rail here?" the little Pirate asked the bull.

"I believe I can!" the bull answered; and, running a short distance, he sprang into the air and easily jumped into the little boat. All the people seeing the bull jump into the little boat thought that he was charging and a great cry went up.

But after sliding across the deck and hitting the opposite rail, the little bull came to a stop and sat down quietly to see what would happen next. The little Pirate lost no time after the little bull was aboard and just as the soldiers and police marched up to them, he sent the Rickety-Robin into the air.

"Hey!" cried the soldiers and police, "you come down here with our bull or we'll arrest you! He's the only bull we've got left."

AN ANGRY howl went up from all the people, but the Rickety-Robin, sailing smoothly along, soon was out of hearing.

"I never thought of riding on a boat before!" the little bull said. "But it's great fun, isn't it?"

"You bet it is!" Andy replied. "We've had lots of fun and we've been almost everywhere! Yesterday we were in Holland and it was very cold!"

"We never get to travel much unless we are made into corned beef!" laughed the little bull.

"Well, we will take you with us!" the little Pirate said. "But first you must take a good bath and put on some clothes!"

"There's a nice-looking stream down there!" Andy pointed to a silvery thread of water far below them. "Let's go down and give the bull a bath!"

When the Rickety-Robin touched the earth, it was upon the bank of a pretty little stream and with scrubbing brush and soap, Andy and the Pirate soon had all the dust off the little bull. Then again on board the little boat, the Pirate brought out clothes and the little bull was shown how to dress himself. He was a funny sight and everyone had a good laugh at his strange appearance.

"NOW that we are all settled comfortably and sailing through the air, I believe it is time we had something to eat."

"I thought of that!" Hannah, the parrot, answered as she gave the dinner bell a tinkle. "Everybody come to dinner!"

"What shall we call you?" the little Pirate asked as he fixed a chair at the table for the bull.

"I don't know!" the creature replied with his mouth full of invisible shredded wheat biscuits.

"We will let Ann name you then," said the little Pirate.

"I can't think of anything nice for a name!" Ann laughed.

"Let's call him Bill, then!" suggested Andy. "That's an easy name to remember."

"That suits me all right!" the little bull laughed. "Call me Bill!"

"Have some nice cream puffs, Bill?" Hannah asked as she brought a large plate to the table.

"No, thank you!" Bill replied. "This bucket of corn flakes tastes very good to me!"

They all came to like Bill very much in the days that followed and were a wee bit disappointed when one morning Bill spied a green pasture on the ground below and said, if his friends didn't mind, he thought he would like to make his home there. So the Rickety-Robin landed and Bill thanked them all for his rescue while tears of joy and sadness rolled from his large bull's eyes.

Skooligan, the Giant

A Story of the Kind Old Giant Who Carried a Tree Trunk for a Cane, But Who Couldn't See, and of the Strange Little People Ann and Andy Met While Stopping in Invisible Land



RASH! Bang! Thud! With sounds of shattering timbers and splintering boards, the Rickety-Robin came to such a sudden stop that the little Pirate, Ann, Andy and Hannah, the parrot, to their great surprise went sliding across the deck and piled in a heap near the rail. Untangling themselves as rapidly as possible they saw that the little magical boat rested upon the ground. All about it were boards and pieces of furniture and, although they could hear people talking excitedly, they could see no one.

Our friends held their breath when they heard a man's voice say, "You surely had the gas turned on and forgot it!"

"No, I didn't!" a woman's voice replied. "I tell you, Jim, something hit our house and knocked it inside out!"

"Nonsense!" the man's voice replied. "I was sitting right here on the front porch when it all happened."

"Look there!" another man's voice shouted excitedly, "it couldn't have been an explosion in your house, Jim, for, see, the corner of Bill's roof is broken off!"

Then a woman's voice shrilled out, "Why, here's something big right in the front garden and little Henry bumped his head against it! It's invisible!" Those on board the Rickety-Robin could hear the invisible people walking around the boat feeling it with their hands and although they felt they should speak to the invisible people, still none of our friends wished to frighten them.

But the little Pirate, who had been leaning over the rail, finally let out a shout as he felt an invisible hand rub across his face. "Hey! Look out there! You knocked off my glasses!" At this all the invisible people could be heard running and then all was still. They had run away about fifty feet and turned about to see if they might see anything.

The little Pirate jumped over the rail and picked up his glasses and when his feet touched the ground a cry went up from the invisible people. "There's one of them!" they all shouted. "Grab him!" And with one accord they started toward the little Pirate.

NOW it was very strange, but as soon as the little Pirate's feet touched the ground he, too, became invisible to his friends on board the magic boat and it was only when he clambered back over the rail that they could see him again. And then he immediately became invisible to the invisible people. A great cry of disappointment went up from the invisible people when the little Pirate vanished from their sight and our friends could hear them running away from the boat.

"What had we better do?" asked the little Pirate. "We have sailed into this house and broken it all to pieces; let's all jump to the ground so that we can talk to them. I could see them when I stood upon the ground, but I can't see them now."

"I have it," Ann cried, "get your magic button and rub it and build their house again, with all their furniture and everything in it just as it was before!"

"That was a very happy thought," Hannah laughed. "I'll run in and get the button."

"No, I'll get it," the little Pirate said as he ran in the cabin. As the others looked over the side of the Rickety-Robin, they saw the boards and pieces of furniture disappear and as they disappeared from their sight, evidently the house appeared to the sight of the invisible people as it had looked just before the

Rickety-Robin had sailed into it. A glad cry arose from the invisible people and our friends could hear them talking excitedly as they walked through the house.

"Now, perhaps, we can jump to the ground!" said the little Pirate as he came upon deck, "for I am sure the house is just as it was before, except that I added a few things they did not have before." So, following the little Pirate, Ann, Andy and Hannah, the parrot, jumped to the ground and knocked upon the door of the house. A pleasant-faced man appeared at the door and laughed heartily when he saw the little Pirate and the others.

"I SAW you a minute ago," he told the Pirate, "so I suppose it was you and whatever you came in that knocked down our house!"

The little Pirate explained about the Rickety-Robin and as much as he could about the magic boat knock-

"Every once in a while," Jim replied. "You see, Old Skooligan doesn't mean to harm us, for he is really a very kind old giant, but he is so old—probably a thousand years old—he cannot see very well and goes stumbling about and tramping upon anything that happens to be in his way."

"He's coming now!" Jim's neighbors cried as everyone felt a heavy footfall outside.

"We must watch that he doesn't tramp upon the Rickety-Robin," the little Pirate cried as he ran out the door.

The rest followed the little Pirate and saw coming over a hill, the great form of Skooligan, the giant. He was over a hundred feet high and wore a long white beard. He felt before him with a cane made from the trunk of a great oak tree. When he came near Jim's house, he stopped and poked before himself with the great oak-tree cane and in doing so, knocked down two chicken houses and the garden fence.

Jim yelled at the top of his voice and asked Skooligan to stand still.

"I'm sorry!" Skooligan, the giant, replied in a deep voice which sounded like distant thunder, "but I can't see what I am doing."

"Sit down right where you are, Mr. Skooligan," the little Pirate shouted, "so that we can talk together without straining our voices."

The giant sat down, but in doing this he kicked over Jim's cow shed. "Oh, dear!" Jim's wife cried, as she wiped her eyes on her apron, "he'll destroy the whole neighborhood!"

WHEN Skooligan, the giant, was finally seated, the little Pirate climbed upon the giant's knee, so that he might talk to him without yelling so loudly, and asked, "Why don't you get glasses like mine, then you could see where you are going."

"There's no one living here who knows how to make them," Skooligan replied sadly.

"Then you sit here real quietly and do not stretch out your feet, or you will knock the summer kitchen off the house, and I will run to the boat and make you a fine pair of glasses," cried the little Pirate. And with this he hopped from the giant's knee and ran to the Rickety-Robin, where the others saw him disappear. Presently the little Pirate reappeared and again climbed to Skooligan's knee. From his pocket, the little Pirate pulled his magic button and rubbed it. Immediately the giant put his hands to his face, for there, resting upon his nose, was a pair of large spectacles. The glass of each lens was four feet high and almost eight inches thick.

"I can see fine now!" Skooligan, the giant, laughed. "Now I will not have any trouble at all in finding my way about. Thank you so much, my little friend."

"You are welcome," the little Pirate replied. "I am so glad we happened along today, for I can easily replace the chicken houses and the cow shed." And as he rubbed the magic button, everyone's eyes stuck out in wonderment to see the boards raise from the ground where the giant had knocked them and fly into place in the chicken houses and the cow shed.

After Jim and his wife had thanked the little Pirate for all he had done for them, and after Skooligan, the giant, had again thanked him, the last "Goodbys" were said and the little boat sailed away.

"I wonder what country that was!" mused Ann.



WHEN SKOOLIGAN, THE GIANT, WAS SEATED, THE PIRATE CLIMBED ON HIS KNEE

ing down the house. "I never knew it to do that before, Jim," the little Pirate laughed.

Jim led the way into the living-room where all the neighbors were standing about a new piano and introduced our friends to his wife and the neighbors. "We thought at first when our house fell down, that Old Skooligan, the giant, had kicked the house over. Then when we looked about, we could see nothing, and we could not understand what had happened," Jim told the little Pirate.

"Mercy!" Ann exclaimed, "does Old Skooligan, the giant, kick the houses down very often?"

A Visit with the Afghans

*Ann and Andy with the Pirate and Hannah Outwit the Slow-thinking Afghans
When They Try to Put Them into a Cage*

WELL, of all desolate places for the Rickety-Robin to stop!" exclaimed the little Pirate as he walked out of the cabin followed by Ann and Andy. The little boat had come to rest right at the side of a winding road and upon either side were high hills of tumbled boulders; almost mountains.

"I wonder where we are!" Ann said as she sat down in one of the comfortable chairs upon the deck.

"I didn't look out of the cabin when we were flying over the country," the little Pirate replied, "and I haven't the least idea where we are."

Suddenly around the bend in the road came a caravan of ten or fifteen camels and beside them walked as many men carrying long guns and spears.

When the strange men saw the Rickety-Robin and our party of friends, they stopped and talked together as if uncertain whether to pass them or not. Finally, after a lot of talking and waving of hands and arms, ten of the men came slowly toward the little Pirate's magic boat. They were a queer-looking group of men of all shapes and their clothes looked as if they had been made from bed comforts. All were brown and each wore a long, fierce mustache.

The man who seemed to be the leader of these who approached the Rickety-Robin wore a large hat made of horsehair, which fell down all about his face and from a distance looked like it was his own straggly locks. After standing and jabbering in a strange mixture of sounds, the leader came toward the Rickety-Robin and said, "Skootchie, skootchie?"

Andy giggled. "It sounds like he was trying to tickle us—like any person tries to tickle a baby by saying, 'Skootchie, skootchie!'"

"I'm sure he wouldn't know how to play with a baby," Ann whispered. "We had better not laugh at him, Andy."

"No," said the little Pirate, "they may get very angry. They do not seem to be very pleasant people."

"Skootchie, skootchie!" the leader again cried in a louder and more threatening tone.

"Skootchie, skootchie!" Hannah cried after him.

"Hannah!" said the little Pirate reprovingly.

"I SAID it without thinking," said Hannah. "You must remember that parrots mimic what other people say!"

"I don't know what kind of an animal she is," the man said, "for you don't talk my language and I can't understand you."

"Your language is equally strange to us," replied the little Pirate. "It sounds like Pigeon English, or like someone trying to sneeze and cough at the same time. What language are you speaking, Mister?"

The leader motioned his men to come up around him and when they came he said to them, "They don't seem to understand 'Push-too' talk and I can't understand what they say, either. You speak to them, Gluke."

Gluke then stepped forward and said, "What are you doing here on the road from Kabul to Jalalabad? The Amir doesn't allow any foreigners in Afghanistan and he will probably have your heads cut off when we take you back to Kabul!"

"I can't understand you any better than I can old curly locks there!" said the little Pirate, pointing to the leader with the horsehair hat. "But I'll tell you one thing, Mister Luke, or Gluke, we don't know who the Amir is and we don't care. We don't intend having our heads cut off just for the fun of it, so you might as well travel along and let us be."

"Do you see that iron cage hanging up there?" asked Gluke.

"Surely we see it," the little Pirate answered, "but we don't understand a word you say! What is a bird cage doing way out here amongst the rocks?"

"What did he say?" Gluke asked the leader.

"I can't understand his jibberish," the leader replied to Gluke. Then turning to the little Pirate, he said, "That isn't a bird cage, it's a man cage! When we catch anyone who is a robber or whom the Amir wants to

punish, we put him in one of those cages and he sits there until he starves!"

"What's that little funny-looking man wiggling about so much for?" Ann asked the leader when she saw a little dumpy man looking very unhappy.

"I don't understand what you say," the leader replied.

"Kootie, there?" motioning toward the dumpy man who was doing the wiggling. "Kootie's fleas are probably bothering him. You know, we are not allowed to kill fleas! We are only allowed to pick them off and throw them away; we never kill them!"

"This must be a lovely country!" said Hannah, the parrot. "You are not allowed to kill fleas, but you can shoot people from cannons and put them in iron cages to starve!"

"Well, that's different!" said the leader, "and I suppose the easiest thing for us to do is to put you all in the iron cages—there are more along the road here—then when we come back from Jalalabad next month, we will take you out of the cages and take you to Kabul for the Amir to dispose of! Here, now!" he shouted, "all of you climb down and we'll boost you each into one of the cages. Maybe we can squeeze you all into one cage by bending your knees!"

"I wish we could understand what you say," said the little Pirate as he jumped over the side of the boat and walked up to the men. Ann and Andy followed the little Pirate.

"Let's take a look at the bird cage, Mister Fuzzy Top," said the little Pirate as he walked toward the large iron cage hanging at the side of the road.

"I'm glad you are coming along peacefully," said the leader of the Afghans, "for we would have to hustle you along with the points of our spears!"

"You might hurt yourself some day with those spears!" laughed the little Pirate. Then as the party had reached the pile of stone which held up the long pole to which the iron cage hung, he went on, "What I want to know is this: how can you get us into that cage when there is no door in it?"

THE leader took off his horsehair hat and scratched his matted hair. "By jinks!" he mused, "I never thought of that! How can we manage it, Gluke?"

"Search me!" Gluke replied in "Push-too" language. "Maybe the little girl can suggest a way!"

"I can't understand a word they say," Ann said to Andy, "besides, I'd be foolish if I told them that all they have to do is to take the cage down and unhook it at the top, then the top would be open, then after they put us in it, all they would have to do would be to hook the iron slats up again and we'd be shut in tight!"

"She'd be foolish to tell us to unhook the cage at the top!" said the leader. "We must think of some other way to get them in!"

"Why not knock the bottom out with stones," suggested the little Pirate. "Then we could all be put in easily!"

"That's what we will have to do, Gluke!" said the leader. "Why didn't you think of it before?"

"I did think of it," Gluke replied, "but I knew you would think of it, too, you are so much wiser than I."



ANN GAVE THE MAN A BOX ON THE EAR, SO HARD THAT HE SAT DOWN

"Yes, that is quite true, Gluke!" the leader said, as he swelled up his chest. "I thought of it the first thing, but I wanted some of you others to think for yourselves. Here you, Ruff, Scuff and Kootie! Hustle now and lower the pole so that we can knock the bottom out of the cage and put these people in it and raise the pole and the cage up in the air again!"

"And have us all spill out the bottom when you raise the pole," said the little Pirate with a wink at Ann and Andy.

"H-m-m!" said the leader, "what did he say, Gluke?"

"I didn't just catch what it was!" Gluke replied uneasily. "You know I don't understand what they say."

"Nor I, either!" said the leader. "I guess, after thinking it all over, it will be best to tie them all on the camels and take them with us!"

THE leader reached out his hand to grab Ann's wrist. "Don't you dare touch me!" she cried as she drew back.

"How in the world can we tie you upon the camels if we don't catch hold of you?" the leader yelled as he caught Ann's left wrist.

Ann gave the man a box upon his ear so hard he sat down upon the ground and held his face, while the tears streamed from his eyes.

"Gluke!" he cried, "find out which camel it was that kicked me and shoo him off the road to starve to death amongst the rocks!"

Gluke looked first at his leader, then at the rest of the men, and seemed uncertain just what to do. "I don't understand!" he finally said.

"Didn't you see which camel it was that kicked me, Gluke?" the leader cried, still holding his face.

"I—I—I was watching the little girl there, you know!" Gluke answered. "We will bring the camels and put you on to ride."

The men hastened back and soon came up with the camels and boosted their leader upon the largest. He did not even look about at the little Pirate, Ann and Andy, as he kicked his heels against the camel's ribs and hurried down the road with his men.

"Last one to the Rickety-Robin is a monkey," shouted the little Pirate, as he took off his large hat and with Ann and Andy beside him raced for the magic boat.

A Revolution in Mexico

Ann and Andy with the Little Pirate Have a Skirmish with Mexican Revolutionists, But Kid Dooly of the U.S. A. Arrives in His Airplane and Single-handed Puts the Revolutionists' Entire Army to Flight

UAREZ! Chiliconcarni! Feebitus!" A medley of strange cries came through the window in the cabin of the Rickety-Robin. The little Pirate, Ann and Andy were finishing their dinners and had just started eating their ice cream when they were startled by the howls and yells outside.

"I wonder what all the excitement is about!" the little Pirate cried, as he rushed outside the cabin door followed by Ann, Andy and Hannah, the parrot.

The Rickety-Robin had come to rest right in front of the only door in an adobe house and the cries and yells came from fifteen or twenty men who were inside the house and could not get out.

"Hottomally! Cuspidora!" the wicked-looking men cried as they yelled and kicked upon the Rickety-Robin.

"It sounds like they wanted something to eat!" Hannah, the parrot, said.

"Aren't they a greasy-looking lot?" Andy exclaimed. "Where do you suppose we are anyway?"

Finally, the greasy-looking men saw that they could not budge the Rickety-Robin from in front of the doorway, so they quieted down and let one man, far more wicked-looking than the others, do the talking. "Why did you stop your automobile in front of our door? Don't you know this is the headquarters of the new government?"

"No! We don't know it!" the little Pirate replied in a kindly tone, "and this is not an automobile! It is a flying boat!"

"Ha!" the wicked-looking man replied. "Flying boats haven't been invented yet!"

"What an ignorant person he must be!" Ann could not help saying.

"They are pigs of Americans!" the wicked-looking man said to his companions. "They don't know anything!"

"What country is this?" the little Pirate asked.

"See!" the greasy man cried to his companions, "didn't I tell you they didn't know anything! This is Mexico! And your automobile is standing right in the doorway of the new government!"

"How new is the new government?" Andy asked, hardly able to keep from snickering.

"It's brand-new!" the wicked-looking man replied. "We have just formed it, and I am the new president! We are going to capture all the old government people and put them in jail, then we are going to start for New York City and put all the people in the United States in jail and then we are going to—"

"Ha, ha, ha, he, he, he!" laughed Ann and Andy. "How many of you men do you think it will take to do all this?"

"There are fifteen of us here, but we will get six or seven more to help us fight the United States! We are planning to be in New York City in two weeks!"

"Dear me! I feel sorry for the people in the United States!" laughed Andy.

"Suppose we go?" suggested the little Pirate. "These men do not seem to know much of anything!"

THE little Pirate walked to the "Thingamajig" and turned a little lever and the Rickety-Robin sailed down the road like a streak just a foot or so from the ground. "I want to stop and see what they look like when they come out of the house!" the little Pirate said as he brought the flying boat to a stop.

The fifteen greasy men, after cautiously peeping around the door-sill, came out into the sunshine and Andy and Ann had a good laugh when they got a look at them. "I don't believe a one in the lot knows his

A-B-C's!" Ann laughed. "And to think, that they think they could conquer the United States even if they had six million soldiers like themselves!"

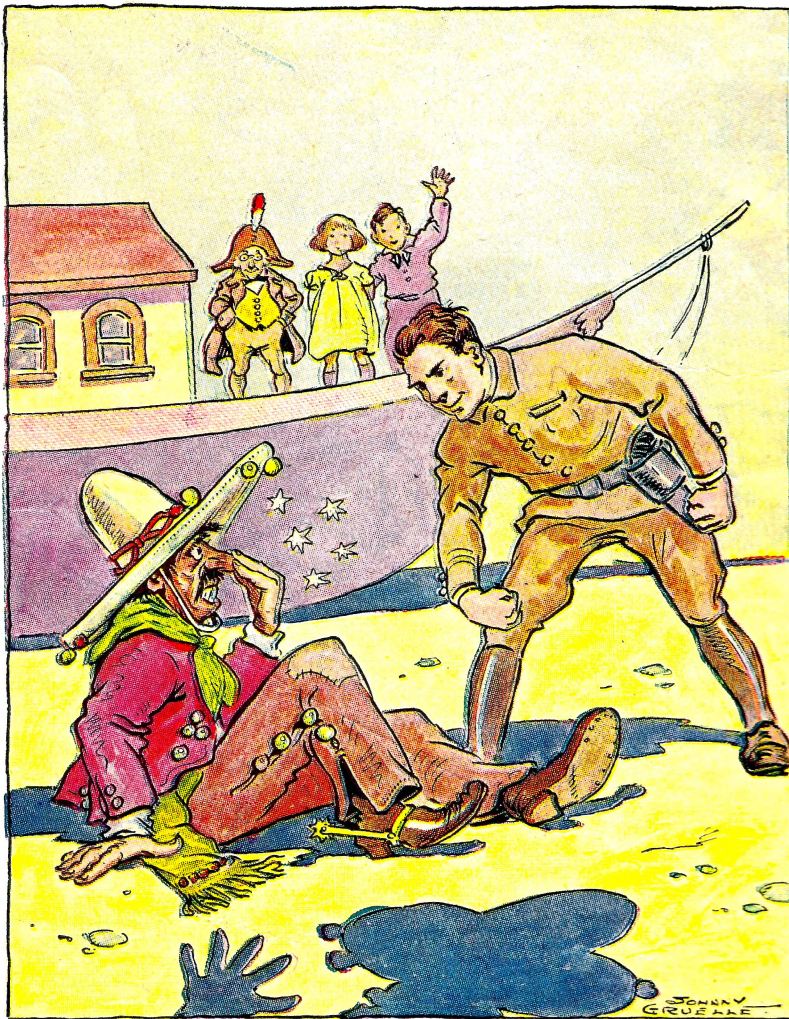
"Did they say they could lick the United States?" a voice asked from the farther side of the boat. And looking in that direction our friends saw a little fellow in khaki clothes looking over the side of the Rickety-Robin.

"Yes!" Ann laughingly replied, "the whole fifteen of them are going to put the Mexican government in jail and then ride to New York City and shoot up the town!"

"I guess I'll go over and talk to them," the little fellow said.

HE WAS not much more than a boy and when he had almost reached the wicked-looking leader of the greasy men he turned and winked at Andy. "I want to find out just how long it would take these fellows to conquer the United States," he said.

"And where did you come from, I'd like to know?"



"THAT WILL PUT A CRIMP IN THE NEW GOVERNMENT PLANS"

the wicked-looking man demanded of the little fellow. "I'm from Peru, Indiana!" the little fellow replied as he walked up to the leader.

"I never heard of Peru, or Indiana, either!" the leader said.

"Did you ever hear of Kid Dooly?" asked the little fellow.

"No, we never heard of Kid Dooly!" the wicked-looking man replied.

"Well, I'm Kid Dooly!" the little fellow said, "and my airplane came down right over behind those hills. I work for the United States twenty-four hours a day and I wonder just what you intend doing with the

United States before I let you go to capture it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" the leader cried, "listen to Kid Dooly talking to the new president of the Mexican government! Why, I will put you in jail just as soon as I can find a jail to put you in. Here, Joan! Come take this little fellow to the house and tie him up!"

Joan, an evil-looking big man, stretched out his hand to take hold of Kid Dooly, but there was a smack and a thud and Joan tumbled to the ground, holding both hands over his nose.

The leader, seeing Joan fall to the ground, reached out his hand to catch Kid Dooly, but there was another smack and a thud and the wicked-looking man joined Joan in the road. Kid Dooly then made as if he would run after the other greasy men and without looking behind them they scattered in all directions.

"That will put a crimp in the new government plans!" he laughed as he climbed on board the Rickety-Robin.

"Did you break something on your airplane?" asked Andy, knowing the Pirate could fix it.

"Yes," Dooly replied. "I ran out of gas and I hit the ground too hard when I came down!"

"Let's take a run over and look at it!" suggested the little Pirate as he sent the Rickety-Robin flying over the hill.

"Why, I can fix that easily!" the little Pirate told Dooly when he had looked at the broken airplane. "If Ann and Andy will take you in the cabin and see that you have some lunch and ice cream sodas, I'll have it fixed by the time you are through."

ANN and Andy took Mr. Dooly in and introduced him to Hannah, the parrot, then they saw that he had all the food he wished and all the ice cream sodas he could drink. The brother and sister knew that all the little Pirate had to do to fix the broken airplane was to rub his magic button and wish to have it fixed. And, when Mr. Dooly and the others came out upon deck, sure enough there stood the airplane just as good as new.

"The tank is full of gas and everything is all ready!" said the little Pirate.

"You'll have to watch out for these people down here!" laughed Mr. Dooly. "They are a funny bunch! They do not know how to read or write, half of them at least, and for some strange reason they do not like people from the United States."

"And then," added Mr. Dooly, "the sun shines so hot down here and they eat so much pepper, I guess they warp in the heat and are always trying to have revolutions and overthrow the government!"

"Well, guess I'd better be moving along!" Mr. Dooly said as he shook hands with the little Pirate, Ann and Andy. "I'd like to take you along for a mascot!" he said to Hannah, the parrot, as he jumped from the deck of the Rickety-Robin.

"We couldn't spare Hannah!" laughed the little Pirate.

Mr. Dooly started his engine, climbed aboard the airplane, adjusted his cap and goggles and, waving goodbye, pulled a lever and sent the flying machine skimming over the ground and up into the air.

"Well! It's pretty hot sitting here!" the little Pirate exclaimed. "Suppose we go inside the cabin and have a few cold ice cream sodas?"

This was agreeable to Ann and Andy, and as the Rickety-Robin sailed up into the air, our friends sat around the little cabin and enjoyed the sodas from the magic soda fountain. "If that was a sample of Mexico, I hope we do not stop inside of Mexico again!" said the little Pirate as he sipped his soda through a straw. And Ann and Andy hoped so, too.

The Rescue of Coreta

Thanks to Hannah and the Pirate, the Beautiful Daughter of a Mexican Ranch Owner Is Rescued from the Outlaws

HUM, HUM!" yawned the little Pirate as he stretched himself and sat up on the bed. "That was a good night's sleep! Oh, hum—ee-yaw-hum!"

This awakened Ann and Andy who occupied little beds on the other side of the Rickety-Robin's little cabin and they sat up, too, and rubbed the sleep from their eyes.

"Oh, Hannah!" called the little Pirate as he pulled on his boots, "is breakfast ready?"

Hannah did not reply, so Andy said, "I guess Hannah is still asleep! I'll go out in the kitchen and pour cold water on her!"

Of course, Andy did not intend doing this, for he knew it is not very pleasant to have cold water poured on you when you are sound asleep.

But Andy tiptoed to the kitchen and peeped in the invisible box where Hannah always slept. "Why, she isn't here!" he called.

"That's strange!" exclaimed the little Pirate. "I wonder where she could be?"

Then after the little Pirate had washed his face in the invisible water and dried it on the invisible towel, he said, "I'll be getting breakfast while you two wash up!"

The little Rickety-Robin lay in a small valley of sand and all about it were cacti and small shrubs. The little Pirate, Ann and Andy could not see very far from the deck of the Rickety-Robin, for on every side there were small hills of sand covered with scrub bushes. So the little Pirate said, "Well, I'll walk to the top of the hill and see where we are."

When the little Pirate reached the top of the sand hill, he gave a "Whoop!" and came running back to the boat as fast as he could run.

"What's the trouble?" Ann and Andy asked as they helped the little Pirate on board.

The little Pirate ran to the Thingamajig and gave it a twist. This whirled the Rickety-Robin about so violently that Ann almost fell over the rail. The little Pirate sent the Rickety-Robin sailing over the sand hill and called to Andy to throw out the rope ladder. This Andy did, and then looked ahead. There, running toward the Rickety-Robin, as hard as she could run, came a woman and behind her ran a lot of Mexicans, shouting for her to stop. Hannah, the parrot, flew above the heads of the Mexicans, every once in awhile swooping down and clipping a nose in her sharp beak. The little Pirate sailed the Rickety-Robin so that the trailing rope ladder was easily caught by the woman, and then the little Pirate brought the little flying boat to a stop up in the air.

The Mexicans tried to jump and catch the woman, but the rope ladder swung her just above their reach. Ann, Andy and the little Pirate called for the woman to hold tight, and they finally pulled her up over the rail and gave her a seat in one of the comfortable willow chairs on deck while Ann ran to the cabin and brought her a glass of water. Then the little Pirate sailed the Rickety-Robin back toward the Mexicans and tumbled them over and over by bumping them with the bow of the flying boat. Soon the Mexicans were running in all directions and then, with a laugh, the little Pirate sent the boat sailing up in the air and away from them.

WHEN Hannah, the parrot, saw the woman safely on the rope ladder, she had flown into the Rickety-Robin's cabin.

"Now, tell us all about it!" the little Pirate said to the woman when she had caught her breath and had drunk the water Ann had brought her.

The woman was very young and very pretty, Ann and Andy thought, and would have been very lovely if her dress had not been torn by the cacti and bushes as she had run to escape from the Mexicans, who had been chasing her. "Well!" she said, with a sigh, "it isn't a very long story, nor very exciting, I'm afraid; but maybe it will interest you! My name is Coreta and my father owns one of the largest plantations in Mexico.

Two days ago while I was riding across the country, I found myself surrounded by these men you saw chasing me. They made me ride with them for miles and miles until we came to their hiding place in the mountains. Then they shut me in a cabin and told me that I was a prisoner!"

"The mean things!" exclaimed the little Pirate.

"Indeed, they were!" Coreta said. "After keeping me shut up in the cabin the rest of the day and all night, without even giving me a drink of water, the leader of the mean men came and told me that unless my father paid them a great sum of money, they would keep me there all the rest of my life."

"And the worst part was," she said, "that the leader of these wicked outlaws said that I should have to marry him if Father did

not send the money right away. I could almost have boxed his ears!" said Coreta, "but I thought, 'No, that would not help matters!'"

"You did right, I am sure, Coreta," said the little Pirate, "for if you had boxed his ears it would have made him angry and he might have treated you worse!"

"That is just why I did not box his ears," Coreta replied, "and I was kept locked up in the cabin all that day and the next night. That was last night. Early this morning I was awakened by hearing voices and I listened. It was the outlaw leader, talking to the man who had been sent to my father with a demand for the large sum of money."

"Did you bring the large sum of money with you, Tamallie?" the outlaw leader asked.

"Yes! I have it on two horses!" Tamallie replied.

"Good!" said the outlaw leader. "Now we have the girl and the father's money, so I will have the girl for my wife!" And both of them chuckled to themselves!"

"The wicked creatures!" cried the little Pirate.

HANNAH, the parrot, came out with a large tray of food for Coreta, who was surprised when she found that Hannah really had something to eat on the tray, for of course the food was invisible. After eating the invisible food, Coreta went on with her story: "When the outlaw leader and Tamallie went to sleep again after talking, I tried my best to get out of the cabin, but it was locked from the outside.

"And I sat there and cried and cried, until I heard someone whisper, 'What's the trouble, my dear?' and I saw this funny little lady parrot upon the high window sill, looking down with her head cocked sideways. I told her my troubles and she flew softly around to the door and unlocked it for me.

"Then I left the cabin and locked the door behind me, and while Hannah flew before me, I crept away from the outlaw camp and then ran as hard as I could in the direction Hannah told me. I ran, then rested; then ran, then rested, until we thought we were safe from pursuit; but soon we heard the shouts of the outlaws behind us and we ran again. They would soon have caught me if you had not rescued me as you did!"

Then as Hannah came out on deck with a tray of ice cream sodas for everybody, the little Pirate asked her, "Hannah, how did you come to be in the outlaw's camp?"

Hannah giggled and smoothed her apron with her beak. "I got up early this morning," she said, "cooked the cream of wheat and set the table for breakfast, and then decided to see where the Rickety-Robin had stopped. At the top of the hill I stepped upon a small bush and little things hopped off the bush and went jumping across the sand!"

"Mexican jumping beans!" laughed Coreta.



HANNAH FLOPPED AND BOUNCED AND JUMPED ABOUT THE DECK OF THE RICKETY-ROBIN

"I ran after the jumping beans," said Hannah, "and followed them until I came to the outlaw's camp. There I saw the outlaws fast asleep, and they were a wicked-looking lot of men. When I heard someone crying I flew up to the window and saw Coreta!"

"Well, I guess the thing to do is to take Coreta back to her father!" said the little Pirate.

"That will be very kind of you!" said Coreta. "My father will pay you a lot of money for bringing me safely home!"

"We wouldn't have any use for your father's money!" laughed the little Pirate.

Hannah, just at this moment, gave a queer "Squawk!" and started acting in a strange manner, jumping this way, then that way, then flopping upon her back, then turning somersaults."

"Dear me!" Coreta cried as she tried to catch Hannah, "the poor thing has been sun-struck!"

Hannah flopped and bounced and jumped about the deck of the Rickety-Robin, squawking and shrieking in the way parrots always squawk and shriek when they become very excited. The little Pirate, Ann, Andy and Coreta all ran after her, trying to catch her. "Maybe she has Saint Vitus dance!" Ann cried, as she made a lunge for Hannah and upset the little Pirate and all the invisible ice cream soda glasses. Finally the little Pirate caught Hannah in his hands but his arms jumped and jerked so alarmingly that he ducked Hannah's head into a pitcher of invisible ice water.

"Hey," Hannah shrieked, when she could catch her breath, "don't duck me again! Take the things out of my pockets!"

The little Pirate found sixteen of the jumping beans in Hannah's pockets, and when he had taken these out, Hannah was found to be all right.

"I caught them this morning!" she said, "and put them in my pockets, and all that time they remained perfectly quiet. But when they started jumping about in my pockets, they made me lose my balance and I did not know what ailed me!"

"Suppose we have some fresh crushed strawberry ice cream sodas?" the little Pirate asked.

THIS was a good suggestion, so our friends sat in the comfortable chairs on deck and drank the sodas and watched the queer antics of the Mexican beans as they jumped about the deck.

"Well, here we are," said the little Pirate, bringing the Rickety-Robin to a stop before Coreta's father's ranch. "And here's your daughter!" exclaimed the little fellow to the man who came running out.

Then when the handshaking was over and Coreta's parents had expressed their joy and thanks, the Pirate said they must be getting on, for they still had many lands to see.

When the Thingamajig Got Out of Order, the Rickety-Robin Dived Back Thousands of Years to Prehistoric Land Where Little Boys Had Gigantic Monsters as Pets



"GOODY, HERE HE COMES NOW!" AND WITH A GLAD CRY THE LITTLE FELLOW RAN TOWARD THE LUMBERING ANIMAL

A Pet Diplodocus

TAND sakes alive," Hannah, the parrot, screamed from the kitchen of the Rickety-Robin, "what's going on?" Her cries were heard by the little Pirate and Ann and Andy above the crash of the invisible china falling from the kitchen shelves. The little flying boat whirled over and over in the air and chairs and furniture as well as our friends toppled over and over.

Finally the Rickety-Robin righted itself and as the little Pirate sat up and rubbed his head, Hannah, the parrot, came shuffling from the kitchen with a teacup over her head.

"We must have passed through a whirlwind!" she said as she brushed the cup from her head with her wings. "The kitchen is a mess and I will have to throw out a lot of invisible broken china, that's what!"

"But how can you tell when you throw it out whether it is broken or not? It is all invisible," Ann said.

"I won't be able to tell," Hannah replied, "unless I pick up each piece and feel of it. But then you see, there may be cracks in the cups and saucers which I might not be able to feel and then if I served tea in the cracked cups, it might spill upon your dress."

"Then you had better sweep everything right outside," the little Pirate said, "and be careful that you do not leave any invisible pieces of broken china lying around the floor to be stepped on!"

"All right," Hannah replied as she shuffled out into the kitchen and with the invisible broom swept the broken pieces of invisible china down below.

IHOPE you looked to see where you swept the broken china, Hannah," the little Pirate said as a howl came up from underneath the flying boat.

"I never thought to look," Hannah said, "and perhaps we had better start the little boat to flying again, for, judging by the howls down below, someone must have been hit by the pieces I swept out!"

The children and the little Pirate walked to the rail

and looked over and there a strange sight met their eyes. A very small boy sat upon a stone howling as if his heart would break. The little Pirate brought the flying boat down beside the boy and got out.

The boy was younger than Andy but was very brown and wore a piece of animal skin for clothes.

"Why are you sitting upon this cold, damp stone howling in this manner?" the little Pirate asked.

"Because," the little boy howled, "Uncle Stonehatchet gave me a young Diplodocus and he just ran away!"

"That's too bad!" the little Pirate said as he patted the boy on his curly head. "Here's a quarter. Now you can buy a chain for your Diplodocus and keep him at home, but I haven't any idea what a Diplodocus is."

THAT'S just it!" the little boy wailed. "Diplodocuses are very scarce and—oh, goody, here he comes now!" and with a glad cry, the strange little fellow ran toward a great lumbering animal which came walking from behind the rocks.

"Hop into the Rickety-Robin as fast as you can," the little Pirate screamed, "it's a prehistoric monster!" And he scrambled so fast to get on the deck of the little flying boat, he tripped over some vines and fell sprawling to the ground.

"I do not believe the Diplodocus will hurt us, if he doesn't hurt the little prehistoric boy," said Andy. "Let's wait until they come back!"

But the prehistoric boy did not come back, instead he and the beast went into a cave among the rocks.

"Hm!" mused the little Pirate. "That must be where he lives. Let's walk over and see."

When Ann, Andy and the little Pirate came to the entrance of the cave, they saw the little prehistoric boy and his mother and father up on a ledge of rock above them where they were preparing to push down a great boulder which would surely have crushed our friends had it ever fallen upon them. But the quick-witted little Pirate jumped nimbly aside with Ann and Andy and with smiles and friendly gestures assured the pre-

historic family that no harm whatever was intended. "What strange country do you come from?" the prehistoric woman inquired.

"Well," the little Pirate replied, "Ann and Andy come from the United States of America, but you haven't heard of that for you are living in the stone age."

The prehistoric man and woman looked bewildered at this so the little Pirate explained, "You see, I own a wonderful little flying boat. It is very magical and we are flying all over the world so that Ann and Andy can see all the different countries and the people who live in them. And, sometimes the Thingamajig gets out of kilter and the little flying boat goes back years and years until we meet with people who lived so long ago, we only hear of them in story. And awhile ago the little flying boat turned over and over and something went wrong and the first thing we knew, here we are talking to you who are living, or rather used to live, thousands of years ago. Strange, isn't it?"

"I don't think it is strange," the prehistoric man replied, much to the little Pirate's astonishment. "I think it is impossible, that's what!"

THIS was a situation the little Pirate could not find a suitable reply to, so he lit his pipe and blew a few puffs into the air.

The prehistoric people looked with bulging eyes and sneezed when the tobacco fumes drifted their way.

The man put his finger upon the red coals in the little Pirate's pipe and then hopped about the cave. "Wowie!" he cried, "it bit me!"

"That was because the tobacco was on fire," the little Pirate said. "Haven't you ever seen fire before?"

"Never even heard of it before," the man said.

"Then I tell you what I will do. I'll build you a fire and show you how to cook things, and how to keep warm in the winter time." And taking out his match case, the little Pirate gathered leaves and twigs and soon had a little fire crackling away merrily. He showed the prehistoric people how to take fire from this fire and start others. "Now," the little Pirate said, "you have the fire and you can keep it going all the rest of your lives. Who knows but that the people of your tribe will make you their chief because you own the fire and are able to make it serve you."

"I'll call all the people here to see the fire when you leave," the prehistoric man said. "Old Chief Hardhead will think I have broken a piece from the sun and will fall at my feet in fear of my strength. Prehistoric land will have a new chief by this time tomorrow."

After making this boastful speech the prehistoric man swung his stone hatchet over his shoulder and strutted about in a manner that he thought expressed the dignity and importance that he was soon to have.

Just then a large tiger came bouncing around the rocks and the man and woman and little boy with loud screams fled into the cave, but the brave little Pirate calmly picked up a burning stick and waited until the tiger came close, then he reached out with the burning stick and singed the whiskers of the great beast. The tiger was so startled and surprised, it turned a complete back somersault and without waiting to look around bounced over the rocks like a yellow streak.

"Whee!" the prehistoric man cried as he came out of the cave, "now we will not be bothered with the tigers any more, for we can drive them away with the fire!"

After explaining to the woman how she could cook her meat by hanging it on sticks before the fire, the little Pirate and Ann and Andy shook hands and walked back to the Rickety-Robin.

And just as they climbed on board, they saw a great thing, half bird and half lizard, flying across the plain while in a pond near by great beasts fifty or seventy-five feet long splashed about in search of food.

"I tell you what," Ann said as the little flying boat rose in the air and sailed away, "I'm mighty glad I am living in the age I do live in. Think of the poor prehistoric people and what they had to contend with!"

"That is quite true," the little Pirate agreed as he walked to the soda water fountain and filled three glasses with strawberry soda, "and any time in the future when you think you are undergoing a hardship, just think how much better off you are than the people who lived in prehistoric times and be thankful that you are just what you are."

The Little Pirate Couldn't Believe His Eyes So He Reached Out and Pinched the Old Man's Nose to See if He Were Really Ali Baba of the Story Book



"You, sir! What place is this?" asked the Pirate as he leaned over the rail of the Rickety-Robin which had come to rest in the courtyard of what appeared to be the home of a very wealthy man.

The man to whom the little Pirate spoke looked confused and turning to a woman who stood beside him asked, "What did he say, Morgiana?"

"He spoke in a strange tongue, O Ali Baba," the woman replied.

"It's Ali Baba, I'll bet a nickel!" said Andy. "Ali Baba and the forty thieves! Don't you believe so, Sis?" turning to Ann who stood beside him.

"I remember reading the story of Ali Baba and the forty thieves," Ann said, "and if I remember rightly, Morgiana was the name of the slave of Ali Baba."

"What are they gibbering about now, Morgiana?" Ali Baba asked. "They sound like a lot of chattering monkeys. Here we are speaking perfectly good Persian, and they don't know it! Evidently they are strangers. Let's take them into the house and give them something to eat. They may have traveled a long way and some fruit might be pleasant to them."

"Do you think it is safe to go in his house?" asked Ann. "They seem like queer people."

"Sure! It's all right!" the little Pirate replied. "Let's go in if he asks us and we may hear something interesting if we can understand what they say."

"Come into the house," said Ali Baba, "and we will have something to eat!"

The little Pirate jumped to the ground and helped Ann and Andy down. "Maybe we had better take Hannah along to translate what they say," he suggested to Ann. "You know Hannah has been almost everywhere and can understand almost every language."

"Who is Hannah?" Ali Baba wanted to know as he bowed three times to his guests.

"She's a parrot," the little Pirate replied, "but in spite of that, she is very nice unless you put your finger too near her, then sometimes she bites if she doesn't know you."

The little Pirate turned toward the Rickety-Robin and called, "Oh, Hannah! Can you come out a moment? She's preparing an invisible pudding for our dinners and you will please excuse her apron. She may have invisible pudding on it."

"Oh, we won't mind that," laughed Morgiana.

At this moment Hannah, the parrot, poked her head out of the Rickety-Robin's kitchen window. "What is it?" she asked.

"We want you to come with us into Ali Baba's house and tell us what he is talking about! He and Morgiana speak only Persian!"

HANNAH turned her head first on one side and then to the other, so that each bright little eye had a peep at the little Pirate. "You say that Ali Baba and Morgiana speak Persian?" she asked of the little Pirate. "That's all they speak," the little Pirate replied.

"How do you know they are speaking in Persian?" Hannah asked.

"Why," exclaimed the little Pirate, "we heard them say so!"

"Then," Hannah replied in a decided tone, "you don't need me to tell you what each other is talking about! I've heard every word you have said since we stopped here and Ali Baba knows what you say and you know what Ali Baba and Morgiana say!"

"That's impossible," said Ali Baba, "for you are talking English and we are talking Persian. We can't understand you!"

"Then if you can't understand me, how do you know what I am talking about?" Hannah asked.

"There is some sense to that," Ali Baba agreed, "but I can't understand how it is possible though."

"Don't be silly!" Hannah said. "All of you understand every word the others say and that's all there is about it!" and with this Hannah popped back into the kitchen and closed the window with a "crack!"

"Let's not say anything more to Hannah," said the little Pirate as he caught Ali Baba's arm and walked toward the house. "She may get peevish and not make the invisible pudding she promised to make for dinner."

"I believe Hannah was right," Ann said to Ali Baba and the Pirate. "You seem to understand each other."

"BY THE BEARD OF SIXTEEN THOUSAND PROPHETS!" CRIED OUT ALI BABA, "I AM CERTAINLY RIGHT HERE!"



Ali Baba, Is It You?

"I have understood every word spoken," said Andy.

"I understand every word, too," said Ann.

"Come to think of it, so did I!" laughed Ali Baba. "Wasn't it funny for us to imagine we couldn't understand each other?"

"The thing which I really cannot understand is this," said Ann as they entered a great room in Ali Baba's house and took seats upon richly covered divans, "Ali Baba and the forty thieves lived hundreds of years ago! Long, long before we were born! So this Ali Baba must not be the one mentioned in the story."

"Yes I am!" Ali Baba hastened to say. "Morgiana, will you please bring the pictures of the forty thieves, so that our friends can see them. But I do not know how you people coming from a strange country could have heard of my adventure with the forty thieves when I only had the adventure last Friday a week ago!"

"Why!" exclaimed Ann and Andy together. "It happened hundreds of years ago! It has been told in story books for ages!"

Ali Baba scratched his head thoughtfully. "Impossible!" he said. "If it happened hundreds of years ago, how could you be sitting here talking to me, that's what I'd like to know?"

"THE children are right, Ali Baba," said the little Pirate, "maybe it is I who imagine that we are here talking with you, while in reality we are not talking to you at all, for you couldn't possibly be here if you lived hundreds of years ago."

Ali Baba looked worried. "I seem to be here though just the same."

"Yes!" agreed the little Pirate. "You do seem to be here, but that is just because we imagine that you are here. You really are not though."

"What in the world are you talking about?" laughed Morgiana as she came in with the pictures of the forty thieves. "You all look as glum as owls."

Ali Baba and the little Pirate explained to Morgiana

that perhaps they only imagined each other to be there, when in reality they were not.

Morgiana threw back her head and laughed loudly. "How funny you are!" she said. "I'll tell you what to do! Ali Baba, if you think the little Pirate is just imagining that you are here and the little Pirate really believes you are not here, then you must pinch the little Pirate! Then the little Pirate must pinch you. In this way, you will soon know which one is real."

"That's a good scheme!" Ali Baba and the Pirate said.

"BOTH pinch at the same time," suggested Morgiana with a sly wink at Ann, "then whichever does not feel the pinch will know that he isn't here!"

So the little Pirate and Ali Baba each caught hold of the other's nose.

"When I count three, both pinch as hard as you can!" said Morgiana. "One, two, THREE!" And the little Pirate gave Ali Baba's nose a hard pinch and Ali Baba gave the little Pirate's nose a hard pinch.

"By the beard of sixteen thousand prophets!" cried Ali Baba as tears streamed from his eyes and he rolled off the divan onto the floor, "I am certainly here!" The little Pirate immediately clapped his hands over his nose and howled. "BOYS! Didn't that hurt!" he cried when he could speak.

"Now are you satisfied?" asked Morgiana, with another sly wink at Ann. "For if you are, let's all make the most of the present time and let the future take care of itself."

"That's what I say, too, Morgiana!" Hannah, the parrot, said as she walked in carrying a large invisible bowl filled with the invisible pudding.

"That's right!" agreed Ali Baba and the little Pirate. "Let's forget all our troubles."

And, although their noses were both quite red from the severe pinches, Ali Baba and the little Pirate dished out the invisible pudding in invisible saucers and everyone enjoyed it very, very much.

Stuck on the Ferris Wheel

*Ann and Andy Woke Up One Night
to Find Themselves on the Ceiling*

*The Little Pirate Thought the Law of
Gravitation Had Been Reversed*

THE Rickety-Robin had been sailing along through great cloud banks and the children and the little Pirate had sat out upon the deck for hours enjoying themselves. For, while they sat and talked, they sipped ice cream sodas and ate candy-covered cookies.

Then when the sun disappeared over the rim of the earth 'way to the west they watched the moon rise and saw the stars peep through the blue of the sky as the night grew darker.

Then finally in the middle of a sentence, the little Pirate yawned and yawned, then his head nodded, and soon he was sound asleep.

"Yo ho hum!" Andy yawned. "The little Pirate has gone to sleep and I feel drowsy, too!"

"So do I!" Ann yawned back. "We had better get to bed, I believe!"

"Time to go to bed!" Andy called into the Pirate's ear as he shook him.

"Slumbumblum!" the little Pirate mumbled without awakening.

Andy shook him again. Then seeing that he could not awaken him, he dragged the little Pirate, chair and all, into the cabin.

"He can sleep in the chair until he awakens and goes to bed," Andy laughed, as he threw himself upon a couch and, tucking a pillow under his head, prepared to sleep.

Ann went to her couch and in a few minutes she and Andy were fast asleep. Neither Ann nor Andy knew how long they had been asleep when they both were aroused by a hard bump, and sitting up and rubbing their eyes, they discovered they were sitting upon the ceiling of the cabin. The little Pirate was there, too, and so was all the furniture which was not fastened to the floor. The little Pirate stood upon his hands and tried to touch the floor with his feet, but only succeeded in tumbling back to the ceiling again. It was a strange feeling for all of them. Here they were, sitting right on the ceiling, and they could not get down to the floor.

"Gee!" Andy exclaimed. "It makes me dizzy!"

"Me, too!" the little Pirate agreed. "Maybe if you help push me down to the floor, I can pull you and Ann down there and then perhaps we will feel all right again! If we stay up here too long, the blood will rush to our heads and that will make us dizzier than ever!"

So the little Pirate again stood upon his hands and Andy and Ann tried to push him down to the floor.

BUT as they succeeded in pushing him away from the ceiling, the little Pirate returned again with a bump. "It's no use!" the little Pirate said. "We've entered some part of the world where the Law of Gravitation doesn't work, so instead of remaining upon the floor where we belong, we have flown up to the ceiling! I don't know what to do!"

"I wonder where Hannah is," Ann said. "She maybe can tell us what to do!"

"Shucks!" the little Pirate replied. "Hannah doesn't know beans about the Law of Gravitation! Oh, Hannah!" the little Pirate yelled.

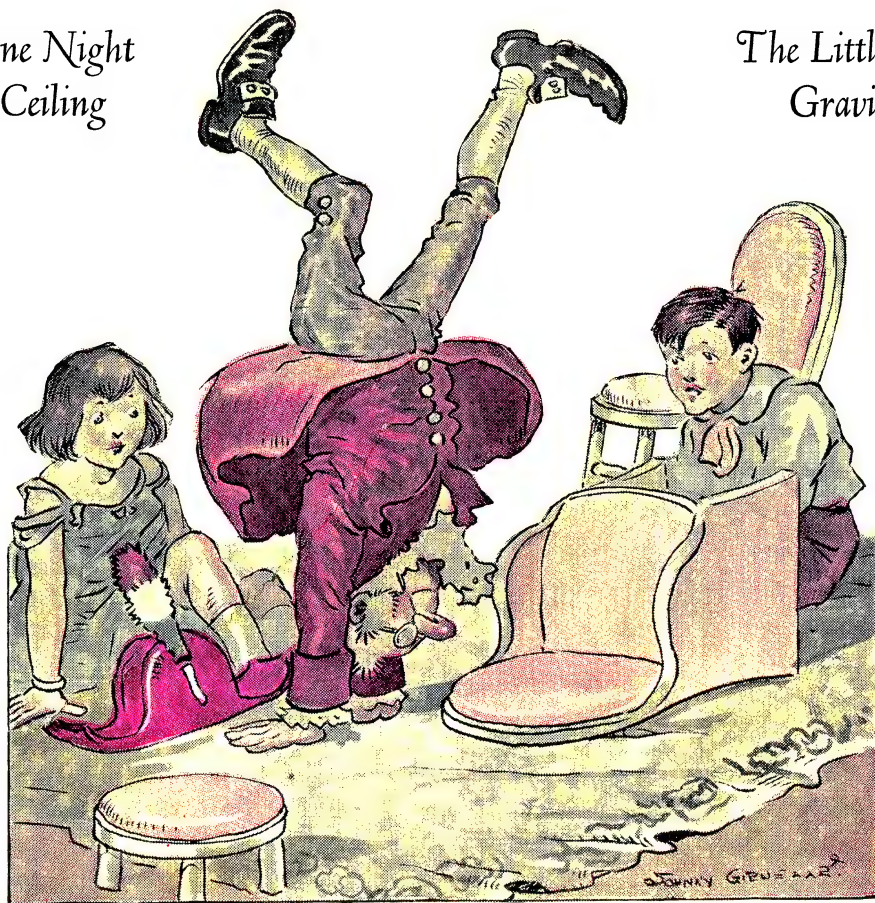
Hannah came shuffling in from the kitchen, walking along the ceiling.

"What is the Law of Gravitation, Hannah?" the little Pirate asked the lady parrot.

"Is it a riddle, or some kind of bird seed?" Hannah asked in reply.

"See!" the little Pirate cried. "She doesn't know, so I'll tell her!"

"Hannah," the little Pirate said solemnly, "the Law of Gravitation is the sticky stuff inside the world which makes our feet stick to the ground!"



THE LITTLE PIRATE STOOD UPON HIS HANDS AND TRIED TO
TOUCH THE FLOOR WITH HIS FEET

Hannah threw back her parrot head and cackled with laughter. "How can that be true?" she asked. "For when we climb up a tree, or when we jump up in the air, there isn't any sticky stuff on our feet, is there?"

"Well, you see, Hannah," the little Pirate explained, "when we jump up in the air, the sticky stuff, or Law of Gravitation, stretches just like rubber and pulls us back to the ground! And that is just what is worrying Ann and Andy and me at this time. We have come to some place where the Law of Gravitation doesn't work and instead of pulling us back to the earth, it is pulling us up into the air. And if any of us should step outside of the cabin we would go flying up in the air and just go tumbling through space until we lit upon the moon, or upon some star, or something."

"What Is the Law of Gravitation, Hannah?" Asked the Pirate

"Is it a riddle, or some kind of bird seed?" Hannah asked in reply.

"Hannah," the little Pirate said solemnly, "the Law of Gravitation is the sticky stuff inside the world which makes our feet stick to the ground."

"When we jump up in the air, the sticky stuff, or Law of Gravitation, stretches just like rubber and pulls us back to the ground. And that is just what is worrying Ann and Andy and me at this time. We have come to some place where the Law of Gravitation doesn't work."

Hannah, the parrot, took one foot out of a slipper and scratched her head. "I don't feel that anything is wrong with the Law of Gravitation," she said, "although I don't know what you mean by it!"

"Why," the little Pirate said, as he pointed to the floor, "can't you see that we are all hanging from the ceiling with our heads down toward the floor?"

"No, I can't!" Hannah replied firmly.

"You can't?" the little Pirate cried excitedly. "Why,

there is the floor down below us and we are up against the ceiling hanging head down. I don't see how you can help seeing it!"

"Then I'll tell you!" Hannah replied. "The reason I can't see that we are hanging heads down from the ceiling is because it isn't so! We are sitting upon the ceiling, all right—I know that—but the floor is above us! That's what!"

"I never heard anything so ridiculous in all my life!" the little Pirate said. "We are hanging from the ceiling with our heads down toward the floor and you know it, Hannah!"

"No, I don't!" Hannah shouted back at the little Pirate. "We are standing upon the ceiling, and the floor, instead of being under our heads, is over our heads!"

"Nonsense!" the little Pirate cried. "If we are not hanging from the ceiling, please tell me why we can't get down to the floor?"

"Because," Hannah replied, "the Rickety-Robin has turned upside down!"

Just then a voice outside the Rickety-Robin cried excitedly, "Here! What's going on there?" And a strange man came walking into the cabin.

"Where are we?" the little Pirate asked.

"Your flying boat has become fastened in the Ferris wheel and when the

wheel turned over the boat was still caught, and now it is upside down. Now the Ferris wheel can't turn any farther!"

"Then turn the Ferris wheel back until we are right side up again!" the little Pirate said. "And we will try and unloosen it so the Ferris wheel can turn the right way!"

The man walked to the door of the Rickety-Robin and gave the order to the engineer below.

Then our friends could feel the great wheel begin to move, and as it drew nearer the top of the circle they climbed from the ceiling of the Rickety-Robin to the wall, and from the wall to the floor.

"There!" the little Pirate said, as he drew a great breath of relief, "we feel straightened out again! The Ferris wheel is in Paris, isn't it?" he asked the man who now was smiling and pleasant.

"Yes," the man replied, "and as it is a wonderful night, if you step outside you will get a beautiful view of Paris by moonlight."

HENRI pointed out different public buildings and points of interest to be seen from where they were and then, when a bell tinkled, he told the little Pirate that he would have to get his flying boat off the Ferris wheel, for Louis was signaling. So, after shaking hands and telling Ann, Andy and the little Pirate goodbye, Henri climbed over the side of the Rickety-Robin onto one of the cages built to hold passengers. Then he called and told the little Pirate that he had unfastened the flying boat. "It was your rudder!" he called up to them. "Louis is about to start the wheel, so you had better move away."

So just as daylight began showing in the east, the little Pirate went to the Thingamajig and sent the Rickety-Robin sailing into the air, and as they climbed higher and higher our friends looked down upon the city of Paris spread out far below like a miniature toy. And winding far off into the distance the Seine lay like a silver ribbon.

"Wasn't it wonderful!" Ann said as they walked into the cabin, where Hannah had a lovely breakfast waiting for them.

"Indeed it was!" the little Pirate replied, as he piled golden brown pancakes on the children's plates and covered the pancakes with maple sirup.

Back in the Old Home Port

After Two Years of Cruising in the Rickety-Robin, Ann and Andy Return Home and Are Greeted by Their Mother with a Plate of Freshly Made Golden Doughnuts



BELIEVE something has happened to the Thingamajig!" Hannah, the parrot, said as she walked into the cabin of the Rickety-Robin where Ann, Andy and the little Pirate sat drinking soda water.

"What makes you think that, Hannah?" the little Pirate asked.

"Because the Rickety-Robin has been flying in a circle for a long, long time!" Hannah replied.

"Oh! That doesn't necessarily mean that something is wrong with the Thingamajig! It may be the Whirligig, or the Rickydooly, or it may not be anything at all! The Rickety-Robin always takes care of itself, and no doubt it is trying to make up its mind just where it wants to take us to next!" The little Pirate walked to the little soda water fountain in the corner of the cabin and came back with Ann's and Andy's glasses filled. "I thought you would like strawberry flavor this time," he said.

"There, now! What did I tell you?" Hannah exclaimed as the Rickety-Robin came to a stop amongst the branches of a tree. And the branches scraped against the windows of the cabin.

"It's all right, Hannah!" the little Pirate said, as he sipped his soda water. "Let's not get excited. The Rickety-Robin has merely stopped somewhere and as soon as we finish our sodas, and you serve our dinners, we will walk out on deck and see where we are."

Hannah shrugged her parrot shoulders

and shuffled out into the kitchen. And from the kitchen came the sound of the invisible dishes as Hannah clattered them around preparing the noon-day meal.

Finally she walked into the little cabin, pushed the table into the center of the room and set up the chairs. Then she carried in the invisible food and called the little Pirate and Ann and Andy to dinner.

"Hannah is still in a huff," the little Pirate said as he winked at the children. "Whenever anything unusual goes on aboard the Rickety-Robin, Hannah always thinks there is something the matter with the Thingamajig!"

Hannah stopped as she was walking to the kitchen and looking back over her shoulder exclaimed, "And the reason I always think so is because I always know so! If the Thingamajig isn't out of whack, then we wouldn't be where we are right now!"

The little Pirate chuckled as he helped Ann and Andy to the invisible food but did not say anything until Hannah shuffled back into the kitchen. Then he said quietly to Ann, "Of course, Hannah is right. She always is, but it does not pay to let her know it."

THE children could not quite understand, so contented themselves with eating the invisible food, although both felt in a vague sort of way that something was wrong with the Rickety-Robin.

True, there had not been any bump when the little flying boat came to rest in the branches of the tree, still the children could feel that the little Pirate knew something had happened and was arguing with Hannah merely to keep them from going outside to see what had happened.

Indeed, the children were certain of this a moment later, for after eat-

ing all they wished, Ann suggested that perhaps it would be a good plan for them to see where they were.

"Oh, no!" the little Pirate hastened to say. "We must have some more pie!"

"I do not wish more pie, thank you!" Ann and Andy both said.

"You are welcome," the little Pirate replied. "Then we will have Hannah bring us some more pudding!"

"We had better see where we are, hadn't we?" Andy suggested.

"Not at all!" the little Pirate laughed. "The little Rickety-Robin knows very well what it is doing and pretty soon, if we just let it alone, it will sail away up into the air again and the first thing we know it will land in Germany, or some other interesting country!"

"But if we don't know where we are, how can we tell whether or not it is interesting?" Andy asked as he started to walk toward the door.

"PLEASE do not go outside!" the little Pirate said. "Let us all take a nap while Hannah works with the Thingamajig and starts the little boat to flying again!"

"I'm anxious to see where we are!" Andy said as he walked out of the cabin. "Oh, look, Ann!" he called.

"There, now you've done it!" the little Pirate said to Hannah, as the comical-looking parrot came into the cabin to clear away the invisible dishes.

"What did I do?" Hannah asked.

"You know very well, Hannah, that if you had not mentioned the Thingamajig but had just gone ahead and fixed it without saying anything, we would be miles away from here now!"

"Why didn't you fix it yourself without arguing with me?" Hannah asked. "Then you would not have aroused their curiosity!"

"You are right, Hannah!" the little Pirate said, as he brushed a tear from his eye with his coat sleeve and followed the children out upon deck.

"We are back in the same apple tree from which we started on our journey two years ago!" Andy said.

"I wonder if Mother and Daddy have missed us," Ann mused. "We must have been away an awfully long time, and they never even knew what became of us."

"We'd better run up to the house at once and let them we are home again," Andy said as he climbed from the rail of the flying boat to a large branch on the apple tree and reached out his hand to help his sister to the limb beside him. The little Pirate stood without saying a word, but his eyes were filled with tears.

Then as the children were about to jump from the limb to the ground, Hannah, the parrot, came shuffling out upon deck, dragging Ann's geography behind her. "Here's your book, my dear!" she said.

Andy reached over and took the book. "Thank you both so much for our wonderful adventures!" he said.

"You need not thank us," the little Pirate said as he swallowed hard. "If you only knew how much fun it has been for Hannah and me to have you two with us, you would know that we thank you for having come."

"It was such a wonderful journey, it seems almost like a fairy tale!" Ann said. "Can you come back and take us with you again sometime?"

"We hope so," the little Pirate said. "But you know how it is with the Rickety-Robin; we never guide it. The little boat goes wherever it takes a notion to go. But let us hope that sometime it will return here again."

"Thank you," Ann and Andy said as they jumped to the ground. "We are anxious to see Mother. Goodbye!"

AFTER running a few feet they turned to wave their hands, and 'way, 'way up in the sky they saw the little flying boat, so far away it seemed but a tiny speck.

"Wasn't it wonderful, Ann!" Andy said, as with his arm about his sister the two walked toward the house.

"It hardly seems real!" Ann replied. "Won't Mother be surprised when she hears of our adventures?"

As they neared the kitchen door the children could wait no longer, and with glad whoops they ran into the kitchen and threw their arms about their mother and showered her pretty face with kisses.

When they stopped kissing her, Mother said, "Well, that was nice! But you act as if you hadn't seen me for two or three years. I guess you smelled the doughnuts I was cooking." And, with a laugh, Mother gave them each two golden doughnuts.

"What do you think, Ann?" Andy asked when they got outside.

"I do not know what to think!" Ann replied. "But I know this much. Mother does not know that we have been away for two years!"

"That is what puzzles me," Andy agreed. "But, anyway, we had lots of fun on the Rickety-Robin!"



'WAY, 'WAY UP IN THE SKY THEY SAW THE LITTLE FLYING BOAT,
SO FAR AWAY IT SEEMED BUT A TINY SPECK

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When Skooligan, the giant, was finally seated, the Pirate climbed up on his knee



A story for good little boys and girls

Skooligan, the Giant

*The Latest Adventure of Andy and Ann on
The Cruise of the Rickety-Robin*

Told and Illustrated by JOHNNY GRUELLE



ANG! Crash! Thud! With sounds of shattering timbers and splintering boards, the Rickety-Robin came to such a sudden stop that the little Pirate, Ann, Andy, Hannah, the parrot, and Charlie Chimpanzee went sliding across the deck and piled in a heap near the rail.

Untangling themselves as rapidly as possible they saw that the little magical boat rested upon the ground. All about it were boards and pieces of furniture and although they could hear people talking excitedly, they could see no one.

Our friends held their breath when they heard a man's voice say, "You surely had the gas turned on and forgot it!"

"No, I didn't!" a woman's voice replied. "I tell you, Jim, something hit our house and knocked it inside out!"

"Nonsense!" the man's voice replied. "I was sitting right on the front porch when it happened."

"Look there!" another man's voice shouted excitedly, "it couldn't have been an explosion in your house, Jim, for see, the corner of Bill's roof is broken off!"

Then a woman's voice shrilled out, "Why, here's something big right in the front garden and little Henry bumped his head against it! It's invisible!" Those on board the Rickety-Robin could hear the invisible people walking around the boat feeling it with their hands and although they felt they should speak to the invisible people, still none of our friends wished to frighten them.

BUT the little Pirate, who had been leaning over the rail, finally let out a shout as he felt an invisible hand rub across his face. "Hey! Look out there! You knocked off my glasses!" At this all the invisible people could be heard running and then all was still. They had run away about fifty feet and turned about to see if they might see anything.

The little Pirate jumped over the rail and picked up his glasses and when his feet touched the ground a cry went up from the invisible people. "There's one of them!" they all shouted. "Grab him!" And with one accord they started towards the little Pirate.

Now it was very strange, but as soon as the little Pirate's

feet touched the ground he, too, became invisible to his friends on board the magic boat and it was only when he clambered back over the rail that they could see him again. And then he immediately became invisible to the invisible people. A great cry of disappointment went up from the invisible people when the little Pirate vanished from their sight and our friends could hear them running away from the boat.

"What had we better do?" asked the little Pirate. "We have sailed into this house and broken it all to pieces; let's all jump to the ground so that we can talk to them. I could see them when I stood upon the ground, but I can't see them now."

"Did they look like cannibals?" Ann asked.

The little Pirate laughed at this and answered, "No, indeed. They all looked like very nice people although they were dressed in queer costumes."

"But they might not understand that we did not intend breaking down their house," said Andy, "and they might put us in jail or something!"

"I HAVE it," Ann cried, "get your magic button and rub it and build their house again, with all their furniture and everything in it just as it was before!"

"That was a very happy thought," Hannah laughed. "I'll run in and get the button."

"No, I'll get it," the little Pirate said as he ran in the cabin. As the others looked over the side of the Rickety-Robin, they saw the boards and pieces of furniture disappear and as they disappeared from their sight, evidently they appeared to the sight of the invisible people as the house had looked just before the Rickety-Robin had sailed into it. A glad cry arose from the invisible people and our friends could hear them talking excitedly as they walked through the house.

"Now, perhaps, we can jump to the ground!" said the little Pirate as he came upon deck, "for I am sure the house is just as it was before, except that I added a few things they did not have before." So following the little Pirate, Ann, Andy, Charlie Chimpanzee and Hannah, the parrot, jumped to the ground and knocked upon the door

of the house. A pleasant-faced man appeared at the door and laughed when he saw the little Pirate and the others.

"I saw you a minute ago," he told the Pirate, "so I suppose it was you and whatever you came in that knocked down our house!"

The little Pirate explained about the Rickety-Robin and as much as he could about the magic boat knocking down the house. "I never knew it to do that before, Jim," the little Pirate laughed.

Jim led the way into the living room where all the neighbors were standing about a new piano and introduced our friends to his wife and the neighbors. "We thought at first when our house fell down, that Old Skooligan, the giant, had kicked the house over. Then when we looked about, we could see nothing, and we could not understand what had happened," Jim told the little Pirate.

"Mercy!" Ann exclaimed, "does Old Skooligan, the giant, kick the houses down very often?"

"Every once in a while," Jim replied. "You see, Old Skooligan doesn't mean to harm us, for he is really a very kind Old Giant, but he is so old—probably a thousand years old—he cannot see very well and goes stumbling about and tramping upon anything that happens to be in his way."

"He's coming now!" Jim's neighbors cried as everyone felt a heavy footfall outside.

"We must watch that he doesn't tramp upon the Rickety-Robin," the little Pirate cried as he ran out the door.

THE rest followed the little Pirate and saw coming over a hill, the great form of Skooligan, the giant. He was over a hundred feet high and wore a long white beard. He felt before him with a cane made from the trunk of a great oak tree. When he came near Jim's house, he stopped and poked before himself with the great oak-tree cane and in doing so, knocked down two chicken houses and the garden fence.

Jim yelled at the top of his voice and asked Skooligan to stand still.

"I'm sorry!" Skooligan, the giant, replied in a deep voice which sounded like distant thunder, "but I can't see what I am doing."

"Sit down right where you are, Mr. Skooligan," the little Pirate shouted, "so that we can talk together without straining our voices."

The giant sat down, but in doing this he kicked over Jim's cow shed. "Oh, dear!" Jim's wife cried, as she wiped her eyes on her apron, "he'll destroy the whole neighborhood!"

When Skooligan, the giant, was finally seated, the little Pirate climbed upon the giant's knee, so that he might talk to him without yelling so loudly and asked, "Why don't you get glasses like mine, then you could see where you are going."

"There's no one living here who knows how to make them," Skooligan replied sadly.

"Then you sit here real quietly and do not stretch out your feet, or you will knock the summer kitchen off the house, and I will run to the boat and make you a fine pair of glasses," cried the little Pirate. And with this he hopped from the giant's knee and ran to the Rickety-Robin, where the others saw him disappear. Presently the little Pirate reappeared and again climbed to Skooligan's knee. From his pocket, the little Pirate pulled his magic button and rubbed it. Immediately the giant put his hands to his face, for there, resting upon his nose, was a pair of large spectacles. The glass of each lens was four feet high and almost eight inches thick.

"I CAN see fine now!" Skooligan, the giant, laughed. "Now I will not have any trouble at all in finding my way about. Thank you, so much, my little friend."

"You are welcome," the little Pirate replied. "I am so glad we happened along today, for I can easily replace the chicken houses and the cow shed." And as he rubbed the magic button, everyone's eyes stuck out in wonderment to see the boards raise from the ground where the giant had knocked them and fly into place in the chicken houses and the cow shed.

After Jim and his wife had thanked the little Pirate for all he had done for them, and after Skooligan, the giant, had again thanked him, the little Pirate said, "I am sorry that we must leave you so soon, but I am taking the children on a cruise to different countries of the earth, and we must be sailing along."

"Maybe you can return sometime and see us again," suggested Skooligan, the giant. "I would like for you to see my great castle and all the things I have inside it."

"That would be nice, thank you!" the little Pirate replied, "and after we have visited every place of interest, probably we may find time to come back."

"We will be glad to have you any time," said Jim's wife, as the little Pirate and his friends climbed aboard the Rickety-Robin.

"We can't see you when you are aboard your boat!" Jim called. "I have you gone yet?"

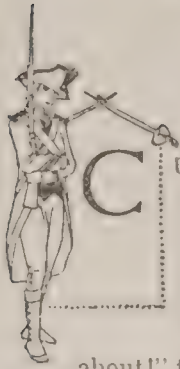
"No, we are still here!" the little Pirate replied, "but we cannot see you, nor can we see Mr. Skooligan or any of your houses."

The little Pirate gave the wheel a twist and sent the Rickety-Robin slowly up into the air. "Good-bye!" he and the others called as they flew higher and higher. From down below, growing fainter and fainter as the little boat sailed farther away, came the "Good-byes" of Jim and his neighbors and the deep-toned rumbling "Good-byes" of Old Skooligan, the Giant.

"I wonder what country that was!" mused Ann.

A Skirmish with Mexican Revolutionists

The Newest Adventure of Andy and Ann on the Cruise of the Rickety-Robin



CUSPIDORA! Chiliconcarni! Feebitus!" A medley of strange cries came through the window in the cabin of the Rickety-Robin. The little Pirate, Ann and Andy were finishing their dinners and had just started eating their ice cream when they were startled by the howls and yells outside.

"I wonder what all the excitement is about!" the little Pirate cried, as he rushed outside the cabin door followed by Ann, Andy, Hannah, the parrot, and Charlie Chimpanzee.

The Rickety-Robin had come to rest right in front of the only door in an adobe house and the cries and yells came from fifteen or twenty men who were inside the house and could not get out.

They kicked upon the sides of the flying boat and pounded with their fists. "Dear me!" the little Pirate exclaimed, "we did not know that we were blocking up your doorway, for we were inside at our dinner when the Rickety-Robin stopped!"

"Hottomally! Cuspidora!" the wicked looking men cried as they yelled and kicked upon the Rickety-Robin.

"It sounds like they wanted something to eat!" Hannah, the parrot, said.

"Aren't they a greasy looking lot?" Andy exclaimed. "Where do you suppose we are?"

The Head of the New Government Speaks

FINALLY, the greasy looking men saw that they could not budge the Rickety-Robin from in front of the doorway, so they quieted down and let one man, far more wicked looking than the others do the talking. "Why did you stop your automobile in front of our door? Don't you know this is the headquarters of the new Government?"

"No! We don't know it!" the little Pirate replied in a kindly tone, "and this is not an automobile! It is a Flying Boat!"

"Ha!" the wicked looking man replied. "Flying boats haven't been invented yet!"

"What an ignorant person he must be!" Ann could not help saying.

"They are Pigs of Americans!" the wicked looking man said to his companions. "They don't know anything!"

"What country is this?" the little Pirate asked.

"See!" the greasy man cried to his companions, "didn't I tell you they didn't know anything! This is Mexico! And your automobile is standing right in the doorway of the new Government!"

"How new is the new Government?" Andy asked, hardly able to keep from snickering.

"It's brand new!" the wicked looking man replied. "We have just formed it, and I am the new President! We are going to capture all the old Government people and put them in jail, then we are going to start for New York City and put all the people in the United States in jail and then we are going to—"

"Ha, ha, ha, he, he, he!" laughed Ann and Andy. "How many of you men do you think it will take to do all this?"

They Plot to Capture the United States

THERE are fifteen of us here, but we will get six or seven more to help us fight the United States! We are planning to be in New York in two weeks!"

"Dear me! I feel sorry for the people in the United States!" laughed Andy, "but tell me, Mister, how will you get to New York in two weeks?"

"See how little they know?" the man cried to his companions. "All United States people are just like them! Why!" he said to Andy, "we will ride there on our horses and shoot up the towns as we come to them! And we will ride right through the main street in New York and shoot all the windows out of the houses. We can conquer the town in about fifteen minutes!"

Andy had to laugh so hard at this that he rolled over upon the cabin floor and even Hannah, the parrot, shrieked her laughter.

"Dear me!" Ann laughed, then to the wicked looking man, "do you know that it would take you almost two months to ride to New York City on horseback?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" the man replied, "two months! The idea! Why, we could ride to Macon, Georgia, in two months!"

"Yes, but New York is twice as far!" Andy told the man.

"There's no use arguing with you!" the man replied, "you don't know what you are talking about! You just wait and see, we'll be in New York in two weeks easy and then we'll put you in jail!"

"Suppose we go?" suggested the little Pirate. "These men do not seem to know much of anything!"

Told and Illustrated
By JOHNNY GRUELLE

for
Good Little Boys and Girls

"Yes, let's go!" Ann agreed. "We are just wasting time trying to talk sense to them!"

The little Pirate walked to the "Thingamajig" and turned a little lever and the Rickety-Robin sailed down the road like a streak just a foot or so from the ground. "I want to stop and see what they look like when they come out of the house!" the little Pirate said as he brought the flying boat to a stop.

The fifteen greasy men, after cautiously peeping around the door sill came out into the sunshine and Andy and Ann had a good laugh when they got a look at them. "I don't believe a one in the lot knows his A. B. C's!" Ann laughed. "And to think, that they think they could conquer the United States even if they had six million soldiers like themselves!"

A Handsome Young Stranger Takes a Hand

DID they say they could lick the United States?" a voice asked from the farther side of the boat. And looking in that direction our friends saw a little fellow in khaki clothes looking over the side of the Rickety-Robin.

"Yes!" Ann laughingly replied, "the whole fifteen of

"Where did you come from?" the wicked looking man asked the little fellow.

"I'm from Peru, Indiana!" the little fellow replied as he walked up to the leader.

"I never heard of Peru, or Indiana, either!" the leader said. "Did you ever hear of Kid Dooly?" asked the little fellow.

"No, we never heard of Kid Dooly!" the wicked looking man replied.

"Well, I'm Kid Dooly!" the little fellow said, "and my aeroplane came down right over behind those hills. I work for the United States and I wonder just what you intend doing with the United States before I let you capture it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" the leader cried, "listen to Kid Dooly talking to the new President of the Mexican Government! Why I will put you in jail just as soon as I can find a jail to put you in. Here, Joan! Come take this little fellow to the house and tie him up!"

Kid Dooly Routes the New Government

JOAN, an evil looking big man, stretched out his hand to take hold of Kid Dooly, but there was a smack and a thud and Joan tumbled to the ground, holding both hands over his nose.

The leader, seeing Joan fall to the ground, reached out his hand to catch Kid Dooly, but there was another smack and a thud and the wicked looking man joined Joan in the road. Kid Dooly then made as if he would run after the other greasy men and without looking behind them they scattered in all directions.

"Like a flock of sheep!" laughed Kid Dooly as he raised the wicked looking leader to his feet and started him after the others. Kid Dooly wiped his hands on his khaki breeches and grinned cheerily at Ann, Andy and the little Pirate.

"That will put a crimp in the new Government plans!" he laughed as he climbed on board the Rickety-Robin.

"Did you break something on your aeroplane?" asked Andy.

"Yes," Dooly replied, "I ran out of gas and I hit the ground too hard when I came down!"

"Let's take a run over and look at it!" suggested the little Pirate as he sent the Rickety-Robin flying over the hill.

"Why, I can fix that easily!" the little Pirate told Dooly when he had looked at the broken aeroplane. "If Ann and Andy will take you in the cabin and see that you have some lunch and ice cream sodas, I'll have it fixed by the time you are through."

Ice Cream Sodas for Everybody

ANN and Andy took Mr. Dooly in and introduced him to Hannah, the parrot, and Charlie Chimpanzee, then they saw that he had all the food he wished and all the ice cream sodas he could drink. The brother and sister knew that all the little Pirate had to do to fix the broken aeroplane was to rub his magic button and wish to have it fixed. And, when Mr. Dooly and the others came out upon deck sure enough, there stood the aeroplane just as good as new.

"The tank is full of gas and everything is all ready!" laughed the little Pirate.

"You'll have to watch out for these people down here!" laughed Mr. Dooly. "They are a funny bunch! They do not know how to read or write, half of them at least, and for some strange reason they do not like people from the United States."

"And then," added Mr. Dooly, "the sun shines so hot down here and they eat so much pepper, I guess they warp in the heat and are always trying to have revolutions and overthrow the Government!"

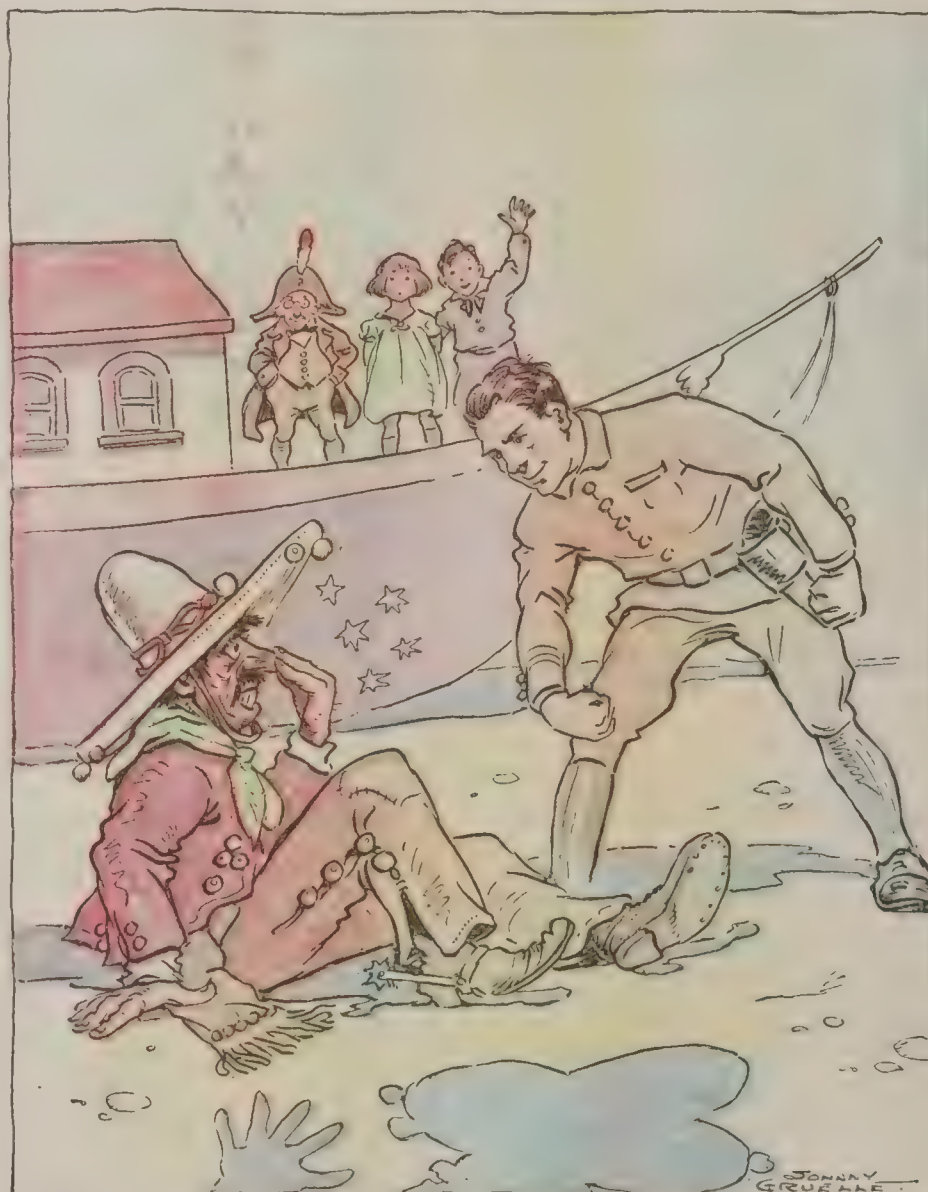
"Well, guess I'd better be moving along!" Mr. Dooly said as he shook hands with the little Pirate, Ann and Andy and Charlie Chimpanzee. "I'd like to take you along for a mascot!" he said to Hannah, the parrot, he jumped from the deck of the Rickety-Robin.

"We couldn't spare Hannah!" laughed the little Pirate.

Mr. Dooly started his engine, climbed aboard the aeroplane, adjusted his cap and goggles and waving good-bye, pulled a lever and sent the flying machine skimming over the ground and up into the air.

"Well! It's pretty hot sitting here!" the little Pirate exclaimed. "Suppose we go inside the cabin and have a few cold ice cream sodas?"

This was agreeable to Ann and Andy and as the Rickety-Robin sailed up into the air, our friends sat around the little cabin and enjoyed the sodas from the magic soda fountain. "If that was a sample of Mexico, I hope we do not stop inside of Mexico again!" said the little Pirate as he sipped his soda through a straw.



"That will put a crimp in the new Government plans"

them are going to put the Mexican Government in jail, and then ride to New York City and shoot up the town!"

"I guess I'll go over and talk to them! Want to go along?" the little fellow asked Andy.

"We'll drive the Rickety-Robin up close and then we can hear what you say!" suggested the little Pirate as he moved the flying boat along behind the little fellow.

He was not much more than a boy and when he had almost reached the wicked looking leader of the greasy men he turned and winked at Andy. "I want to find out just how long it would take these fellows to conquer the United States," he said.

Coreta's Thrilling Rescue from the Outlaws

Another Adventure of Andy and Ann on the Cruise of the Rickety-Robin

Told and Illustrated
By JOHNNY GRUELLE

for
Good Little Boys and Girls

O H, HUM!" yawned the little Pirate as he stretched himself and sat up on the bed. "That was a good night's sleep! Oh, hum—ee-yaw-hum!"

This awakened Ann and Andy who occupied little beds on the other side of the Rickety-Robin's little cabin and they sat up, too, and rubbed the sleep from their eyes.

Charley Chimpanzee still slept soundly upon his little invisible bed, near the foot of the little Pirate's bed, and Charley looked queer sleeping there, to all appearances suspended in the air about a foot from the floor.

"Oh, Hannah!" called the little Pirate as he pulled on his boots, "is breakfast ready?"

Hannah did not reply, so Andy said, "I guess Hannah is still asleep! I'll go out in the kitchen and pour cold water on her!"

Of course Andy did not intend doing this, for he knew it is not very pleasant to have cold water poured on you when you are sound asleep.

But Andy tiptoed to the kitchen and peeped in the invisible box where Hannah always slept. "Why, she isn't here!" he called.

"That's strange!" exclaimed the little Pirate. "I wonder where she could be?"

Then after the little Pirate had washed his face in the invisible water and dried it on the invisible towel, he said, "I'll be getting breakfast while you two wash up!"

Soon there came a crash from the cabin and a cry of surprise from the little Pirate. Ann and Andy rushed in and found him with his finger in his mouth, dancing about.

"What was it?" they asked.

"I went to move the invisible table and stuck my finger right in a bowl of hot cream of wheat, and it was so hot I let go of the table and upset some of the dishes!"

Charley Chimpanzee was sitting upon the edge of his little invisible bed, for the crash of the falling dishes had awakened him. "I saw Hannah getting breakfast a long time ago!" he said, "but I guess I must have gone to sleep again!"

"Mercy! Why didn't you tell me that before I put my finger in the bowl of hot cream of wheat?" asked the little Pirate, as he wrapped his finger up in a rag with baking soda on it.

"You forgot to tell me that you were going to stick your finger in the bowl of hot cream of wheat!" Charley Chimpanzee replied.

"So I did! So I did!" laughed the little Pirate. "Well, get ready for breakfast, Charlie Chimpanzee, there's a lot more cream of wheat! Fortunately I did not upset the large bowl!"

When they had finished their breakfast, the little Pirate pushed the invisible table out upon deck and tipped it over the rail so that all the dishes slid off to the ground below with a loud clatter. "There!" he said, "that ends that set of dishes, I hope! I never did care for those red dishes, but Hannah keeps putting them on the table all the time!"

THE little Rickety-Robin lay in a small valley of sand and all about it were cacti and small shrubs. The little Pirate, Ann, Andy and Charlie Chimpanzee could not see very far from the deck of the Rickety-Robin, for on every side there were small hills of sand covered with scrub bushes. So the little Pirate said, "Well, I'll walk to the top of the hill and see where we are."

When the little Pirate reached the top of the sand hill, he gave a "Whoop!" and came running back to the boat as fast as he could run.

"What's the trouble?" Ann and Andy asked as they helped the little Pirate on board.

The little Pirate ran to the Thingamajig and gave it a twist. This whirled the Rickety-Robin about so violently that Charlie Chimpanzee went tumbling over the rail and lit upon his head in the sand. The little Pirate sent the Rickety-Robin sailing over the sand hill and called to Andy to throw out the rope ladder. This Andy did, and then looked ahead. There, running toward the Rickety-Robin, as hard as she could run, came a woman and behind her ran a lot of Mexicans, shouting for her to stop. Hannah, the parrot, flew above the heads of the Mexicans, every once in awhile swooping down and clipping a nose in her sharp beak. The little Pirate sailed the Rickety-Robin so that the trailing rope ladder was easily caught by the woman, and then the little Pirate brought the little flying boat to a stop up in the air.

THE Mexicans tried to jump and catch the woman, but the rope ladder swung her just above their reach. Ann, Andy and the little Pirate called for the woman to hold tight, and they finally pulled her up over the rail and gave her a seat in one of the comfortable willow chairs on deck. Ann ran to the cabin and brought her a glass of water, while the little Pirate sailed the Rickety-Robin

back after Charlie Chimpanzee. When Charley was safe on board, the little Pirate sailed the Rickety-Robin back toward the Mexicans and tumbled them over and over by bumping them with the bow of the flying boat. Soon the Mexicans were running in all directions and then, with a laugh, the little pirate sent the boat sailing up in the air and away from them.

When Hannah, the parrot, saw the woman safely on the rope ladder, she had flown into the Rickety-Robin's cabin.

"Now, tell us all about it!" the Little Pirate said to the woman when she had caught her breath and had drunk the water Ann had brought her.

THE woman was very young and very pretty, Ann and Andy thought, and would have been very lovely if her dress had not been torn by the cacti and bushes as she had run to escape from the Mexicans, who had been chasing her. "Well!" she said, with a sigh, "it isn't a very long story, nor very exciting, I'm afraid; but maybe it will interest you! My name is Coreta and my father owns one of the largest plantations in Mexico. Two days ago while I was riding across the country, I found myself surrounded by these men you saw chasing me. They made me ride with them for miles and miles until we came to their hiding place in the mountains. Then they shut me in a cabin and told me that I was a prisoner!"

"The mean things!" exclaimed the little Pirate.

"Indeed, they were!" Coreta said. "After keeping me shut up in the cabin the rest of the day and all night, without even giving me a drink of water, the leader of the mean men came and told me that unless my father paid them a great sum of money they would keep me there all the rest of my life."

"And the worst part was," she said, "that the leader of these wicked outlaws said that I should have to marry him if father did not send the money right away. I could almost have boxed his ears!" said Coreta, "but I thought, 'no, that would help matters!'"

"You did right, I am sure, Coreta," said the little Pirate, "for if you had boxed his ears it would have made him angry and he might



Hannah flopped and bounced and jumped about the deck of the Rickety-Robin

have treated you worse!"

"That is just why I did not box his ears," Coreta replied, "and I was kept locked up in the cabin all that day and that was last night. Early this morning I was awakened by hearing voices and I listened. It was the outlaw leader, talking to the man who had been sent to my father with a demand for the large sum of money."

"Did you bring the large sum of money with you, Tamallie?" the outlaw leader asked.

"Yes! I have it on two horses!" Tamallie replied.

"Good!" said the outlaw leader. "Now we have the girl and the father's money, so I will have the girl for my wife!" And both of them chuckled to themselves!"

"The wicked creatures!" cried the little Pirate.

Hannah, the parrot, came out with a large tray of food for Coreta, and she was surprised when she found that Hannah really had something to eat on the tray, for of course the food was invisible. After eating the invisible food, Coreta went on with her story: "When the outlaw leader and Tamallie went to sleep again after talking, I tried my best to get out of the cabin, but it was locked from the outside."

"And I sat there and cried and cried, until I heard some one whisper, 'What's the trouble, my dear?' and I saw this funny little lady parrot upon the high window sill, looking down with her head cocked sideways. I told her my troubles and she flew softly around to the door and unlocked it for me."

"Then I left the cabin and locked the door behind me, and while Hannah flew before me, I crept away from the outlaw camp and then ran as hard as I could in the direction Hannah told me. I ran, then rested; then ran, then rested, until we thought we were safe from pursuit; but soon we heard the shouts of the outlaws behind us and we ran again. They would soon have caught me if you had not rescued me as you did!"

THEN as Hannah came out on deck with a tray of ice cream sodas for everybody, the little Pirate asked her, "Hannah, how did you come to be in the outlaw's camp?"

Hannah giggled and smoothed her apron with her beak. "I got up early this morning," she said, "cooked the cream of wheat and set the table for breakfast, and then decided to see where the Rickety-Robin had stopped. At the top of the hill I stepped upon a small bush and little things hopped off the bush and went jumping across the sand!"

"Mexican Jumping Beans!" laughed Coreta.

"I ran after the Jumping Beans," said Hannah, "and followed them until I came to the outlaw's camp. There I saw the outlaws fast asleep; and they were a wicked looking lot of men. When I heard some one crying I flew up to the window and saw Coreta!"

"Well, I guess the thing to do is to take Coreta back to her father!" said the little Pirate.

"That will be very kind of you!" said Coreta. "My father will pay you a lot of money for bringing me safely home!"

"We wouldn't have any use for your father's money!" laughed the little Pirate.

And anyway "I'm sure your father would have done as much for anyone who needed his help!" said the Little Pirate. "Our reward is the happiness we receive in our own hearts when we know we have done a kindness for another!"

"Yes, that is true!" replied Coreta, "so we will not say anything more about a reward!"

Hannah, just at this moment, gave a queer "Squawk!" and started acting in a strange manner, jumping this way, then that way, then flopping upon her back, then turning somersaults."

"Dear me!" Coreta cried as she tried to catch Hannah, "the poor thing has been sun-struck!"

Hannah flopped and bounced and jumped about the deck of the Rickety-Robin, squawking and shrieking in the way parrots always squawk and shriek, when they become very excited. The little Pirate, Ann, Andy and Coreta all ran after her, trying to catch her. "Maybe she has Saint Vitus Dance!" Ann cried, as she made a lunge for Hannah and upset the little Pirate and all the invisible ice cream soda glasses. When Ann and the little Pirate finally scrambled to their feet they saw that Charlie Chimpanzee held Hannah in his hands and that his arms jumped and jerked in an alarming manner. The little Pirate took Hannah from Charlie Chimpanzee and ducked her head into a pitcher of invisible ice water.

"Hey," Hannah shrieked, when she could catch her breath, "don't duck me again! Take the things out of my pockets!"

The little Pirate found sixteen of the jumping beans in Hannah's pockets, and when he had taken these out Hannah was found to be all right.

"I caught them this morning!" she said, "and put them in my pockets, and all that time they remained perfectly quiet. But when they started jumping about in my pockets, they made me lose my balance and I did not know what ailed me!"

"Suppose we have some fresh crushed strawberry ice cream sodas?" the little Pirate asked.

This was a good suggestion, so our friends sat in the comfortable chairs on deck and drank the sodas and watched the queer antics of the Mexican beans as they jumped about the deck.

Note: Ann and Andy, together with the little Pirate, Hannah and Charlie Chimpanzee are making a cruise of the world in the Rickety-Robin. Watch for their next adventure in September WOMAN'S WORLD.

A Dinner With the Eskimos

If You Were Offered a Meal of Frozen Meat and Whale Fat,
You Would Probably Do Just as Ann and Andy Did—Wait for Dessert



H, HANNAH!" the little Pirate called to the parrot, who was busy in the kitchen of the little flying boat. "Look outside and see where we are, please!"

"Aye, aye, Sir!" Hannah said as she shuffled across the cabin floor.

"It feels chilly! Don't you think?"

the little Pirate asked Ann and Andy. "It does feel chilly," the children both agreed, "but still it is very comfortable in the cabin here. It is just nice after the hot weather we found down in Mexico."

"Well, Hannah, where are we?" the little Pirate asked as Hannah returned.

Hannah did not answer until she had shuffled to the kitchen and then returned dragging a pair of binoculars.

"Where are you going with those?" asked the Pirate as he jumped from his chair. "You know they are so heavy if you lean them over the rail, they will pull you right out of the boat!" Then turning to the children he said, "Hannah dragged those binoculars outside one day when we were about fifty-seven miles above the clouds and leaned them over the side of the boat, and before you could say Jack Robinson, down they fell, and, the strap being around her neck, Hannah followed the binoculars!"

"It was just like being in an elevator when the man lets it drop down about sixteen stories!" laughed Hannah.

"Hu!" laughed the Pirate in reply. "It wouldn't have been funny though if I had not heard the binoculars bump against the side of the Rickety Robin as they went over and sent the little flying boat down towards the ground so fast it made me dizzy. I managed to get the boat right in under Hannah and the binoculars about fifty feet above the ground. And if it had not been for that, Hannah would not be here today, I can tell you."

"WELL, then, I'll leave the binoculars inside the cabin!" said Hannah, "and I'll get back to my work in the kitchen!"

"But I asked you to see where we were, Hannah!" reminded the Pirate.

"That was why I wanted the binoculars!" Hannah replied. "We are so far up in the air, I could not see anything except clouds. Hmm! What was that?" as the Rickety Robin bumped into something solid and came to a stop.

"Now then, I'll bet a nickel we've hit something!" said the little Pirate as he

Another
Rickety-Robin Story

Told and Illustrated
By JOHNNY GRUELLE

for
Good Little Boys and Girls

walked out upon the deck followed by the children.

Hannah did not appear interested and shuffled back into the kitchen humming a song to herself.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Pirate when he and the children reached the deck and looked about. "Where are we? That's what I'd like to know!"

"It looks like we were right on top of an iceberg," said Andy.

"YES indeed it does," the little Pirate agreed. "But then, the iceberg may be drifting about in the ocean almost anywhere!"

"That's so!" Andy said. "Maybe we are up in Alaska, or along the shore of Greenland or somewhere else!"

"Hello! What's that?" the little Pirate pointed to a speck coming across the ice.

Andy brought the binoculars and focused them upon the speck. "It's an Eskimo and his dog team!" he said as he handed the glasses to the little Pirate.



"Me takie squaw home," replied the Eskimo

In a short time the dog team came up to the Rickety Robin and our friends saw that a squatty little Eskimo man was driving the dogs and an Eskimo woman was in the sled.

"Where did you come from?" asked the little Pirate.

"Me no come!" replied the Eskimo man, "Me go!"

"Well, then; where are you going?" asked the little Pirate.

"Me go home!" the Eskimo replied.

"It's too bad we can't understand Eskimo language!" the little Pirate mused out loud.

"Why I could understand what he said!" Ann laughed, "He said he was going home."

"Did you say you were going home?" asked the little Pirate.

"Sure! me go home!" the Eskimo replied, "Me takie squaw home!"

"Where you gettie squaw?" asked the Pirate.

"Me gettie squaw at her own home!" the Eskimo replied.

"It's all Dutch to me," laughed the little Pirate. "Oh, Hannah! Come out here and talk Eskimo talk with these people!"

"I heard every word you all said," Hannah cried. "You can understand what he says just as well as I can. If you do not let me tend to my work in the kitchen, you won't have any tapioca pudding for dinner, that's what!"

"Then we won't bother you again, Hannah!" said the little Pirate, "But I'd like to talk with these people and find out where we are!"

"You up near Nortie Polie!" said the Eskimo man.

"Nonsense!" said the little Pirate. "If we were up near the North pole it would be cold,

said the little Pirate. "Do you feel cold, Ann?" the little Pirate asked as he felt the little girl's bare arm.

"Not a bit!" Ann replied. "As a matter of fact, it doesn't feel any colder out here than it did inside the cabin!"

"I GUESS this Eskimo is joking with us!" said the little Pirate, then as a new idea struck him, he slapped his leg and said, "I've got it!" "Got what?" asked Hannah, as she poked her head out of the kitchen window. "An idea!" replied the little Pirate.

"Oh, excuse me!" said Hannah, "I've lost the invisible tablespoon I was using to stir up the pudding and just as I asked myself, 'Now where is that tablespoon?' You said, 'I've got it!' I wish you wouldn't bother me when I'm getting dinner, it gets me all mixed up!"

"I shan't bother you again, Hannah!" promised the little Pirate, "But I know where we are now, I'll bet a million dollars!"

"Where?" asked the two children in one breath.

"We are out near Los Angeles, California!" replied the little Pirate.

Ann and Andy were so surprised at this statement, they could say nothing.

"Don't talk such nonsense!" Hannah's voice came from the kitchen.

(Continued on page 57)

A Dinner with the Eskimos

(Continued from page 56)

"Hannah!" cried the little Pirate, "If you do not wish for me to disturb you, you must not disturb me when I am talking!"

Hannah's shrill laugh floated out through the window, "Ha! ha!" she shrieked, "I was talking to Charlie Chimpanzee. He just suggested that possibly the tablespoon was on the floor and I said it was nonsense."

THE little Pirate, when he found that Hannah had not been talking to him, continued, "Yes, Sir! Out near Los Angeles, or Hollywood! And this is where they are taking a movie picture of some Alaskan scene."

"No it isn't!" Ann cried, clapping her hands together and pointing, "See, there is the Northern Lights!"

"Hmm!" replied the little Pirate. "Perhaps you are right. Say Mister Eskimo how far is it to your house?"

"Right over behind that hill of ice!" the Eskimo replied. "Want to come?"

"What do you say, Ann? Shall we go see a real live Eskimo house?"

This pleased the children immensely.

"Hitch your dogs to the rudder of our boat!" the little Pirate told the Eskimo man, "And you and the squaw come up here! We'll take you home."

Soon they came in sight of a number of round houses made of ice and piled block upon block. "This is my house!" cried the Eskimo man as he pointed to one large ice house. The little Pirate brought the Rickety Robin to a stop and he and Ann and Andy followed the Eskimos into the house.

This entrance was managed by crawling upon their hands and knees along a sort of tunnel formed of ice and leading finally into the one large room of the house. The Eskimo motioned to his new friends to take seats upon a lot of skins lying on the dirt floor and then said he would get dinner.

They soon found out that dinner to the Eskimos consisted of taking a hunk of frozen meat and chewing upon one end. Then with a knife, the end which was being chewed, was cut off.

"I believe I'll wait for dessert!" laughed the little Pirate, "I never was good at eating inner tubes or razor strops!"

"No likie?" asked the Eskimo wife. "Here, you eatie this!" and she handed Ann and Andy a large hunk of white fat.

"I do not feel like eating now!" said the children, "Our dinner will soon be ready in the Rickety Robin!"

JUST then, they heard the faint tinkle of Hannah's invisible dinner bell and the little Pirate suggested they all go aboard the Rickety Robin where Hannah had prepared an excellent meal. The Eskimos who had never tasted such food, ate and ate until they began to look drowsy.

"Fine meal!" cried the little Pirate to Hannah, "You did very, very well."

"Aye, Aye, Sir! Thank you, Sir," Hannah replied modestly, "but don't you think you had better get our new friends back into their own home? I feel that the Rickety Robin is about to sail away!"

After the Eskimos had crawled back into their ice house, the little Pirate walked over to the lounge in the cabin and threw himself upon it, "Oh hum!" he yawned, "I'm sleepy, too!"

And as Ann and Andy also were very drowsy, they too laid upon a couch and while the Rickety Robin slowly rose in the air and sailed away from the Eskimo village pleasant dreams filled their heads and they did not even hear the loud snoring of the little Pirate.

Hannah stuck her head into the cabin and looked about, then she closed the kitchen door so that the rattle of the invisible dishes would not awaken any of the sleepers.

Ali Baba and the Pirate, Face to Face

Another Rickety-Robin adventure in which our friends unexpectedly visit the home of Ali Baba—thousands of years and miles away

Told and Illustrated
By JOHNNY GRUELLE

For Good Little Boys and Girls



"By the beard of sixteen thousand prophets," cried Ali Baba, "I am certainly here."



WHAT place is this?" asked the little Pirate as he leaned over the rail of the Rickety Robin which had come to rest in the courtyard of what appeared to be the home of a very wealthy man.

The man to whom the little Pirate spoke looked confused and turning to a woman who stood beside him asked, "What did he say, Morgiana?"

"He spoke in a strange tongue, Oh Ali Baba," the woman replied.

"It's Ali Baba, I'll bet a nickel!" said Andy. "Ali Baba and the forty thieves! Don't you believe so Sir?" turning to Ann who stood beside him.

"I remember reading the story of Ali Baba and the forty thieves," Ann said, "and if I remember rightly, Morgiana was the name of the slave of Ali Baba."

"What are they jibbering about now, Morgiana?" Ali Baba asked, "They sound like a lot of chattering monkeys."

"Monkeys yourself!" laughed the little Pirate. "We are talking English and your language sounds like a lot of nonsense and nonsense all mixed up together. We can't understand a word you say."

"What a ridiculous person he seems to be, Morgiana!" said Ali Baba. "Here we are speaking perfectly good Persian and they don't know it! Evidently they are strangers."

"Heem! Persians!" mused the little Pirate. "Well there's no use of us trying to understand Persian is there?" he said to Ann and Andy. "I wonder if they could speak Mexican?"

"What is he talking of now, Morgiana?" Ali Baba wished to know. "Who ever heard of Mexican anyway?"

"I can't make out a word they say," Morgiana replied. "There isn't such a place as Mexico!"

"Mexico is south of the United States," Ann spoke up. "If you have a geography we can point out exactly where it is. It is on the other side of the World from Persia."

"**R**UN in and get the map, Morgiana!" Ali Baba said. "No! Wait a minute! Let's take them into the house and give them something to eat. They may have traveled a long way and some fruit might be pleasant to them."

"Do you think it is safe to go in his house?" asked Ann. "They seem like queer people."

You see, Ali Baba, we cannot understand you when you speak in Persian and you cannot understand us when we talk English and if Hannah can interpret, then we will be able to understand what each other is saying."

"That is quite true!" Ali Baba replied. "It is provoking not to understand what you are talking about, so perhaps you had better bring Hannah along with you. We will be careful and not poke our fingers near her beak!"

The little Pirate turned towards the Rickety Robin and called, "Oh Hannah! Can you come out a moment? She's preparing an invisible pudding for our dinner and you will please excuse her apron. She may have invisible pudding on it."

"Oh we won't mind that," laughed Morgiana. "Will we Ali Baba?"

"No indeed!" Ali Baba hastened to say. "What we wish is that we may speak to each other and be able to understand each other!"

At this moment Hannah, the parrot, poked her head out of the Rickety Robin's kitchen window, "What is it?" she asked.

"**W**E WANT you to come with us into Ali Baba's house and tell us what he is talking about! He and Morgiana speak only Persian!"

Hannah turned her head first on one side and then to the other, so that each bright little eye had a peep at the little Pirate. "You say that Ali Baba and Morgiana speak Persian?" she asked of the little Pirate.

"That's all they speak," the little Pirate replied.

"How do you know they are speaking in Persian?" Hannah asked.

"Why?" exclaimed the little Pirate. "We heard them say so!"

"Then," Hannah replied in a decided tone, "you don't need me to tell you what each other is talking about! I've heard every word you have said since we stopped here and Ali Baba knows what you say and you know what Ali Baba and Morgiana say!"

"That's impossible," said Ali Baba. "For you are talking English and we are talking Persian. We can't understand you!"

"Then if you can't understand me, how do you know what I am talking about?" Hannah asked.

"There is some sense to that!" Ali Baba agreed, "but I can't understand how it is possible though."

"Neither can I!" the little Pirate said. "Maybe, Hannah, you understand Persian and so you imagine that we understand what Ali Baba says just because you understand."

"Sure! It's all right!" the little Pirate replied. "Let's go in if he asks us and we may hear something interesting if we can understand what they are talking about."

"Come into the house!" said Ali Baba, "and we will have something to eat!"

The little Pirate jumped to the ground and helped Ann and Andy down, "Maybe we had better take Hannah along to translate what they say," he suggested to Ann. "You know Hannah has been almost everywhere and can understand almost every language."

"Who is Hannah?" Ali Baba wanted to know as he bowed three times to his guests.

"She's a parrot," the little Pirate replied, "but in spite of that, she is very nice unless you put your finger too near her, then sometimes she bites if she doesn't know you."

"That is probably what happens," agreed Ali Baba. "Hannah thinks that I can understand English too, just because she can understand it."

"Don't be silly!" Hannah said, "All of you understand every word the others say and that's all there is about it!" and with this Hannah popped back into the kitchen and closed the window with a "Crack!"

"Let's not say anything more to Hannah," said the little Pirate as he caught Ali Baba's arm and walked towards the house. She may get peevish and not make the invisible pudding she promised to make for dinner."

"I've never tasted invisible pudding," Ali Baba said. "I wish Morgiana could learn how to make it."

"I'll ask Hannah to teach you, Morgiana," promised the little Pirate.

"I believe Hannah was right," Ann said to Ali Baba and the little Pirate. "You seem to be able to understand just what the other says!"

"**I** DO seem to be able to understand a little better than I at first!" agreed Ali Baba.

"I have understood every word spoken," said Andy.

Ali Baba and the little Pirate looked at Andy in surprise, "Why didn't you translate for us then?" asked the little Pirate with a laugh.

Andy also laughed at this, "Why?" he said, "Because you knew every word yourself!"

"I understood every word too," said Ann.

"Come to think of it, so did I!" laughed Ali Baba.

"Wasn't it funny for us to imagine we couldn't understand each other?"

"The thing which I really can not understand is this," said Ann as they entered a great room in Ali Baba's house and took seats upon richly covered divans. "Ali Baba and the forty thieves lived hundreds of years ago! Long long before we were born! So this Ali Baba must not be the one who had the adventure with the forty thieves!"

"Yes I am!" Ali Baba hastened to say. "Morgiana, will you please bring the pictures of the forty thieves, so that our friends can see them. But I do not know how you people coming from a strange country could have heard of my adventure with the forty thieves when I only had the adventure last Friday a week ago!"

"Why!" exclaimed Ann and Andy together, "It happened hundreds of years ago! It has been told in story books for ages!"

Ali Baba scratched his head thoughtfully. "Impossible!" he said. "If it happened hundreds of years ago, how could you be sitting here talking to me, that's what I'd like to know!"

"The children are right, Ali Baba," said the little Pirate, "maybe, it is I who imagine that we are here talking with you, while in reality we are not talking to you at all, for you couldn't possibly be here if you lived hundreds of years ago."

Ali Baba looked worried, "I seem to be here though just the same."

"Yes!" agreed the little Pirate. "You do seem to be here, but that is just because we imagine that you are here. You really are not though."

Ali Baba was silent for a moment, then he said, "It makes me feel uncomfortable to think that I am not here! Maybe, it is I who imagine that you are here when really you are not here!"

"Good! I hope not!" Andy hastened to say. "For if that is true, when you quit imagining we are here, we will just disappear! That wouldn't be a bit pleasant, for Ann and I have a Mama and Daddy and we wish to return to them sometime."

"That's just the way I feel about it, Andy," said Ali Baba. "I have a mother and father too."

"What in the world are you talking about," laughed Morgiana as she came in with the pictures of the forty thieves, "you all look as glad as owls."

Ali Baba and the little Pirate explained to Morgiana that perhaps they only imagined each other to be there, when in reality they were not.

Morgiana threw back her head and laughed loudly. "How funny you are!" she said.

"Yes!" agreed Ali Baba and the little Pirate in weak voices. "How funny we are! Ha! Ha! Ha!" But their laughs were really not laughs at all.

This made Morgiana laugh. (Continued on page 48)

How Ali Baba Trapped the Forty Thieves

Some Hitherto Unpublished Facts as Told to Ann and Andy by Ali Baba on the Cruise of the Rickety-Robin



WHILE Ann and Andy, the little Pirate and Ali Baba sat upon soft cushions in Ali Baba's palace Morgiana and Hannah, the parrot, served them candied sweet meats.

"Hannah is a wonderful parrot!" Ali Baba said as Hannah helped him to another bowl of invisible pudding. "I do not see how she can make invisible puddings. How do you know what you are putting in the pudding, Hannah?"

Hannah gave a chuckle down in her throat and whistled loudly as if calling a dog. "Please do not forget your manners, Hannah," the little Pirate said.

"I forgot myself," Hannah laughed. "Really, Ali Baba," she said, "it is quite easy. I know just where the invisible jar of sugar is kept and where all the other invisible things are placed, and, unless the Pirate changes them about, there is no trouble at all in mixing the things according to the recipe."

"I have another surprise for you, too," Hannah chuckled.

"I hope it is as good as the invisible pudding, Hannah," Ali Baba said.

"Well, you can judge for yourselves," Hannah said as she held out a large platter. "What is it?" Ali Baba asked. "I can see nothing upon the plate!"

"Of course not!" Hannah said, "but just taste one."

Then Hannah passed the plate to Ann and Andy and the little Pirate. "What are they, Hannah?" the little Pirate asked.

"Wind sandwiches," Hannah replied.

"How do you make them, Hannah?" Morgiana asked as she took one.

"Just take a thin slice of wind and place it between two shadows buttered with a little sunshine," Hannah replied.

"What are you thinking about, Andy?" Ali Baba wanted to know when he noticed how quiet the boy had become.

"I was wondering about the forty thieves, Ali Baba," Andy replied.

"Oh yes!" the little Pirate chimed in, "do tell us about the forty thieves!"

"Really, there isn't very much to tell," said Ali Baba. "I was walking through the forest about a month ago when I heard voices. So I climbed a tree and presently along came the forty thieves. The Captain walked up to a great stone in the side of the cliff and said, 'Open Sesame,' and the great stone moved and disclosed a large cave. The forty thieves went in and threw the bags of gold they were carrying upon the floor. Then they came out and closed the great stone over the mouth of the cave again. I waited until they were out of sight, then I ran home and came back in my Lizzie truck. I backed the truck up to the great stone and said, 'Open Sesame,' and when the great stone moved out of the way, I loaded the Lizzy until I almost broke all the springs, and carted the gold here. Then I hired workmen and built this nice home."

"THEN did the forty thieves come to your house one night and hide in large jars? And did Morgiana pour oil upon them?" Ann wished to know.

"They came to the house one night," Ali Baba replied, "but they did not hide in jars. They just came and paid me a visit and thanked me for taking some of their gold. You see," Ali Baba said to the little Pirate, "the forty thieves were in the plumbing business, and had so much gold they did not know what to do with it, and each job they worked on, they kept getting more and more gold until they were afraid if some one did not take some of the gold away from them, they would soon have so much they wouldn't want to work any more."

"It was nice that they did not get mad at you," Andy said.

"Wasn't it?" Ali Baba replied. "You see, if there is anything a plumber hates, it is to be loafing, and these plumbers were no exception to the rule. If they happened to have a job of plumbing, putting a faucet in a kitchen sink, they were all so anxious to be working that all forty of them worked on the job and in a week or ten days they had the faucet working so that it did not leak more than five gallons of water in twenty-four hours."

"Poor fellows!" the little Pirate said.

"They were so happy when they found

Told and Illustrated

By JOHNNY GRUELLE

For

Good Little Boys and Girls

out that I had taken their bags of gold, they could hardly wait until they called upon me and thanked me," Ali Baba said. "And the kind hearted Captain was so grateful, he told me that if I would let them do my plumbing they would only charge me three times as much for the job as I had taken from their cave."

"And did you let them do the plumbing?" Andy wished to know.

"I would have let them do it," Ali Baba replied, "but Morgiana whispered to me that if I did that, I would make them three times as unhappy as they had been before. For you see, I would have had to pay them more money than I had taken from them, and then I would have still owed them three times as much!"

"It was very generous of them to offer to do the plumbing at such a low figure though, don't you think so?" Ali Baba asked.

"INDEED it was!" the little Pirate hastened to say.

"But who did your plumbing, Ali Baba?"

"Oh, I did it myself," Ali Baba said, "but I did not do as good a job as they would have done. The hot water in the bathroom runs when you turn the faucet on and the kitchen faucet does not leak water upon the floor as it does when real plumbers do the work, but we manage to get along with it such as it is."

"The Captain visited us after Ali Baba had put in the plumbing," Morgiana said, "and pointed out a lot of mistakes Ali Baba had made."

"Yes," Ali Baba agreed, "but the Captain was quite nice about it, though. He said to me 'Ali Baba, anyone

can see that this work was not done by a plumber.' 'How is that?' I asked, for I was anxious to know what was wrong. 'Why,' the Captain said, 'just look at your ceiling under the bathroom; there isn't a single place where the plastering has cracked and is falling off because of a leaky radiator, or a leaky faucet! And the cellar should have at least three inches of water standing on the floor all the time from leaky joints in the pipes!' Of course I had to admit that I was only a beginner at plumbing and offer as an excuse that I had done the work hastily. In fact," Ali Baba said, "I only worked on the plumbing a day and a half and the Captain told me that to do the work properly and see that the pipes leaked fluently, it should have taken ten or twelve plumbers three weeks to complete!"

"Perhaps if you pour a few buckets of water on the floor upstairs and let it run through and crack the ceilings, you might lead people to believe that real plumbers did the work," said the little Pirate, with a sly wink at Andy.

"THAT might be a good scheme," Ali Baba said, "but I thought some day I would run over to the cave and carry away three truck loads of gold and pay them to overhaul the plumbing so that it will leak properly."

"What are all those people howling about out in front of the place?" Hannah asked, as the sound of shouting came through the open windows.

Ali Baba rushed to the window and looked out. "They must be the men who sell Persian rugs and shawls to tourists," he said. "Yes, that's who they are. Every Saturday they have a sale of genuine Persian rugs made in Newark, New Jersey. See how happy the lady appears! She has just paid four hundred dollars for a three-dollar rug."

"But it is full of holes!" Ann exclaimed.

Ali Baba looked at Ann in surprise. "Of course," he said. "The tourists would not care for the rugs if they did not look old and ragged, so these men sprinkle acid on the rugs and in a few minutes a three-dollar rug is worth hundreds of dollars!"

The little Pirate got up and yawned. "Excuse me!" he said, "but I believe we had better be going. Thank you for your hospitality."

Ali Baba and Morgiana shook hands with their guests and walked out with them to the Rickety Robin. In a few moments the little flying boat was high in the air and the house of Ali Baba was but a tiny speck upon the ground far below.

"Well," the little Pirate said as he leaned back in his comfortable chair, "what did you think of our visit to Ali Baba?"

"It was fun, I thought," Ann and Andy said.

"SO DID I," the little Pirate agreed. "But you see something was wrong, for in spite of the fact that Ali Baba and I pinched each other's noses to prove that we were both there we were not there. Because," the little Pirate asked, "how could we possibly visit Ali Baba when Ali Baba lived hundreds and hundreds of years ago?"

And if Hannah, the parrot, had not just then called that dinner was ready Ann and Andy might have tried to figure it out, and that would have been hard to do.



"Why!" the Captain said, just look at your ceiling under the bathroom! There isn't a single place where the plaster has cracked."

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WOMAN'S WORLD
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Flying in the Land of the Diplodocus

A Rickety-Robin adventure in a land where little boys had gigantic monsters as pets and no one ever heard of fire

Told and Illustrated
By JOHNNY GRUELLE

For Good Little Boys and Girls

"LAND Sakes alive!" Hannah, the parrot, screamed from the kitchen of the Rickety Robin, "What's going on?" Her cries were heard by the little Pirate and Ann and Andy above the crash of the invisible china falling from the kitchen shelves. The little flying boat whirled over and over in the air and chairs and furniture as well as our friends, toppled over and over.

Finally the Rickety Robin righted itself and as the little Pirate sat up and rubbed his head, Hannah, the parrot, came shuffling from the kitchen with a teacup over her head.

"We must have passed through a whirlwind!" she said as she brushed the cup from her head with her wings. "The kitchen is a mess and I will have to throw out a lot of invisible broken china, that's what!"

"But how can you tell when you throw it out whether it is broken or not? It is all invisible," Ann said.

"I won't be able to tell," Hannah replied, "unless I pick up each piece and feel of it. But then you see, there may be cracks in the cups and saucers which I might not be able to feel and then if I served tea, or coffee or cocoa in the cracked cups, it might spill upon your dress."

"Then you had better sweep everything right outside," the little Pirate said, "and be careful that you do not leave any invisible pieces of broken china lying around the floor to be stepped on!"

"All right," Hannah replied as she shuffled out into the kitchen and with the invisible broom started sweeping the broken china towards the door.

"Why don't you have rubber dishes?" Andy asked. "Then if they fall they will not break."

"That would be a good idea," the little Pirate agreed. Then to Hannah he said, "After this Hannah, see that the invisible china is made out of rubber, so that when you drop a piece, it will not break."

Hannah stopped her sweeping and held her head over to one side, so that her right eye looked squarely at the little Pirate, "rubber would never do at all," she said in a decided tone.

"I don't see why not if it is invisible," the little Pirate replied.

"Of course you cannot see it if it is invisible," Hannah laughed, "but don't you see, if the china is made of rubber, then it won't be china at all and if I happen to drop a rubber cup, instead of making a noise and breaking, it would bounce quietly all about the kitchen and I would never be able to tell where it rolled to. No!" she shook her little red bonnet decidedly, "we must have the invisible china made of china!"

"I believe the real reason is because like all hired girls, they like to hear the tinkle the china makes when it breaks on the floor," the little Pirate whispered to Andy.

"That isn't the reason at all," Hannah replied as she opened the door and swept the broken pieces of invisible china down below.

"I hope you looked to see where you swept the broken china, Hannah," the little Pirate said as a howl came up from underneath the flying boat. "If we happen to be over someone's house they may be hit with the broken pieces."

"I never thought to look," Hannah said, "and perhaps we had better start the little boat to flying again, for judging by the howls down below, someone must have been hit by the pieces I swept out!"

The children and the little Pirate walked to the rail and looked over and there a strange sight met their eyes. A very small boy sat upon a stone howling as if his heart would break. The little Pirate brought the flying boat down beside the boy and jumped to the ground.

THE boy was younger than Andy but was very brown and wore a piece of animal skin with long thick fur for clothes.

"Why are you sitting upon this cold, damp stone howling in this manner?" the little Pirate asked in a kindly voice.

"Because," the little boy howled, "Uncle Stonehatchet gave me a young Diplodocus and he just ran away!"

"That's too bad!" the little Pirate said as he patted the boy on his curly head, "here's a quarter. Now you can buy a chain for your Diplodocus and keep him at home, but I haven't the least idea what a Diplodocus can be!"

"That's just it!" the little boy wailed, "Diplodocuses

are very scarce and—oh goody, here he comes now!" and with a glad cry, the strange little fellow ran towards a great lumbering animal which came walking from behind the rocks.

"Hop into the Rickety Robin as fast as you can," the little Pirate screamed, "it's a prehistoric monster!" And he scrambled so fast to get on the deck of the little flying boat, he tripped over some vines and fell sprawling to the ground.

"I do not believe the Diplodocus will hurt us, if he doesn't hurt the little prehistoric boy," said Andy. "Let's wait until they come back!"

But the prehistoric boy did not come back, instead, he and the great beast went into a cave among the rocks.

"Hmm!" mused the little Pirate, "that must be where he lives. Let's walk over and see."

When Ann, Andy and the little Pirate came to the entrance of the cave, they saw the little prehistoric boy and his mother and father up on a ledge of rock above them where they were preparing to push down a great boulder which would surely have crushed our friends had it ever fallen upon them. But the quick-witted little Pirate jumped nimbly aside with Ann and Andy and with smiles and friendly gestures assured the prehistoric family that no harm was intended. Even then it was quite a while before they forgot their fear and came down to welcome their visitors.

The prehistoric people felt the clothing of the little Pirate and his friends and then pointed to their own clothing made from the skins of animals.

"What kind of animal skins are your clothes made of?" the prehistoric woman asked.

"They are not made from animal skins," the little Pirate replied, "they are made from silk and cotton and wool."

"What strange country do you come from?" the woman inquired. "We have never heard of people like you."

"Well," the little Pirate replied, "Ann and Andy here come from the United States of America, but I do not suppose you will know where that is for you are living in the stone age."

THE prehistoric man and woman looked bewildered at this so the little Pirate explained. "You see, I own a wonderful little flying boat. It is very magical and we are flying all over the world so that Ann and Andy can see all the different countries and the people who live in them. And, sometimes the Thingamajig gets out of kilter and the little flying boat goes back years and years until we meet with people who lived so long ago, we only hear of them in story. And awhile ago the little flying boat turned over and over and something went wrong and the first thing we knew, here we are talking to you who are living, or rather used to live, thousands of years ago. Strange isn't it?"

"I don't think it is strange," the prehistoric man replied, much to the little Pirate's astonishment. "I think it is impossible, that's what!"

This was a situation the little Pirate could not find a suitable reply to, so he lit his pipe and blew a few puffs into the air.

The prehistoric people looked at him with bulging eyes and sneezed when the fumes of the tobacco drifted their way.

The man put his finger upon the red coals in the little Pirate's pipe and then hopped about the cave, "Wowie!" he cried, "it bit me!"

"That was because the tobacco was on fire," the little Pirate said. "Haven't you ever seen fire before?"

"Never even heard of it before," the man said.

"Then I tell you what I will do. I'll build you a fire and show you how to cook things, and how to keep warm



With a glad cry the little fellow ran towards the lumbering animal

in the winter time." And taking out his match case the little Pirate gathered leaves and twigs and soon had a little fire crackling away merrily. He showed the prehistoric people how to take fire from this fire and start others. "Now," the little Pirate said, "you have the fire and you can keep it going all the rest of your lives. Who knows but that the people of your tribe will make you their chief because you own the fire and are able to make it serve you."

"I'll call all the people here to see the fire when you leave," the prehistoric man said. "Old Chief Hardhead will think I have broken a piece from the sun and will fall at my feet in fear of my strength. Prehistoric land will have a new chief by this time tomorrow."

After making this boastful speech the prehistoric man swung his stone hatchet over his shoulder and strutted about in a manner that he thought expressed the dignity and importance that he was soon to have.

JUST then a large tiger came bouncing around the rocks and the man and woman and little boy with loud screams fled into the cave, but the brave little Pirate calmly picked up a burning stick and waited until the tiger came close, then he reached out with the burning stick and singed the whiskers of the great beast. The tiger was so startled and surprised, it turned a complete back somersault and without waiting to look around bounced over the rocks like a yellow streak.

"Whee!" the prehistoric man cried as he came out of the cave, "now we will not be bothered with the tigers any more, for we can drive them away with the fire!"

After explaining to the woman how she could cook her meat by hanging it on sticks before the fire, the little Pirate and Ann and Andy shook hands and walked back to the Rickety Robin.

And just as they climbed on board, they saw a great thing, half bird and half lizard flying across the plain while in a pond nearby great beasts fifty or seventy-five feet long splashed about in search of food.

Andy remembered seeing pictures of these ungainly creatures in an old book he once found in his father's library and he couldn't help shuddering as a great reptile like shape raised its head from the water and uttered a piercing cry.

"I tell you what," Ann said as the little flying boat rose in the air and sailed away, "I'm mighty glad I am living in the age I do live in. Think of the poor prehistoric people and what they had to contend with!"

"That is quite true," the little Pirate agreed as he walked to the soda water fountain and filled three glasses with strawberry soda, "and any time in the future when you think you are undergoing a hardship, just think how much better off you are than the people who lived in prehistoric times and be thankful that you are just what you are."